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GOOD-NIGHT.

Oh! could I only lay me down to rest,
Crossing my weary hands upon my breast,
And shut my troubled eyes without a fear,
Knowing that they should never open here—
How blissful it must be, both worlds in sight,
To say my tired good-night.

If only, from the fretting cares of Time,
To truths eternal I at once may climb,
Not longer count the graves whereon I tread,
But in one moment be all comforted—
If such could be, what joy, in upward flight,
To sing my tired good-night.

I watch the sweet flowers throughout the morn,
I look, and lo! at noontide they are gone;
The wings of sorrow are forever spread;
I weep, but weeping brings not back my dead,
If God would but reveal the breaking light,
How sweet to say good-night.

This flooding tide of yearnings will not cease;
I cannot reach to touch the lips of Peace;
Nor can I gather to my sobbing heart
The white-winged angels God has set apart,
Yet happy I may find them all in sight
After some tired good-night.

What wonder, then, that I should long to rest,
Crossing my weary hands upon my breast;
To shut my troubled eyes without a fear,
Knowing that they would never open here;
To say to earth, with heaven alone in sight,
My rapturous good-night.

GOOD-NIGHT AND GOOD-BYE!

By MILLIE W. CARPENTER,

Author of "Such Sweet Sorrow," "An Old Man's Darling, etc., etc.

It was the eve of Nelly Blythe's wedding day. The sun was already well down and out of the red-tinted autumnal west, a low wind blowing sent the fallen leaves whirling along the sward and down the path by which the chosen lover daily came with kingly feet.

Too restless to keep in the house, Nelly paced the verandah and the narrow walks, watching the distant country road and singing snatches of broken songs. Sometimes she put her thoughts into words, and sung them to the tune of their own sweetness, making a melody lovelier far in its unsullied joy than any that Bellini ever wrote.

"How happy I am!" she cried, stopping suddenly to look back at the gleaming windows, the vine-wreathed columns and twisted chimneys of the old brick house that had always been her home. "How happy! how happy! I wonder why! To-morrow I shall go away from home; I shall leave behind me everybody and everything that I always loved. I am going into a strange place with a man whom I have known for only half a year, and yet I am happy! happy! happy! I suppose it is because I love him!"

She clasped her small white hands together, and broke into a low gleeful laugh, whose rippling fall of sound was like the murmur of a brook in June. Her cheeks blushed themselves into twin roses, and happy tears rose and dimmed the tender beauty of her maiden eyes.

"I love him! I love him! therefore, I go with him. So good-bye, old home! good-bye, old friends! Some day I shall return to you and tell you how full of gladness the world is; and tell you, too, what a glorious thing it is to win the love of a good and gifted man."

She stretched her hands up as if she would embrace the dear old house, with its crown of waving tree-tops, then remembering where she was, she dropped them and hid her red-rose face in the pink palms.

Within the house two people, watching her, smiled a little sadly, and one of them, a fair-faced elderly woman, advancing to the long, low window, tapped sharply on the pane with her thin white hand.

"Nelly, Nelly," she called. "You are staying too long in the open air. Come in, dear. Tea is waiting."

The sweet voice, sweet and gentle though it was, broke like a tender discord into the golden silence of her happy dreams, and with an impatient start the young girl turned and fled away down the winding paths amid the trees. The sound of a ringing step on the flags, the heavy swing of the gate on its hinges, stopped her, and warned her of the approach of one for whose coming she had been waiting so long.

"Waiting for me, Nelly?" called a deep, clear voice as she paused, unable to speak. And then: "Do you know, dear, I am half sorry these pleasant welcomes are over? It is so sweet to hear these happy footsteps flying down the walk; they make a tenderer greeting than any words that you could speak." The ringing voice drops down and takes a tinge of pathos in the closing sentence.

Cheeks blushing themselves into ripe-red roses, eyes brimming over with glorious light, and lips curved into happy, holy woman smiles, were the tribute Nelly Blythe paid to her lover's words, and, noting them, Robert Allston, with a sudden passionate movement, stooped and kissed the ruffled golden head beside him.

"I am afraid you are not well enough wrapped up in this chill air," he said, drawing the little crimson shawl closer about her shoulders. "I shall take better care of you when once you are all my own and I have the sweet right to command."

"And I the sweeter right to obey," Nelly answered, brightly. "The rooms were so close I could not stay in them any longer. But," with a sudden repentant glance at the closed windows, "Mr. Foster and mother are waiting in the parlor. Will you go in?"

"Not to-night," Robert answered, with a slight shrug of the shoulders. "I have but a few moments to spare, and prefer to give them here to you, alone. Shall we continue your walk under the trees?"

She makes a low assent, and they turn and pace the verandah, arm in arm, together. They look a happy couple, and Mr. Foster, watching them with his bright, gentle eyes from within, breathes a blessing on them in silence—breathes a blessing and "God speed" on their journey of life, though every footfall as they go seems to fall upon his heart and crush out a year of his already downward-sloping life.

"I have hardly lived to-day, my mind has been so completely given to to-morrow," said Nelly, frankly. "To-morrow! to-morrow! How strange it all will be!"

"Never again Nelly Blythe after to-day," said Robert, proudly. "I hope you have no regrets."

"Regrets! Oh, Robert!"

The eager tone was enough, and drawing the lovely face to his breast, Robert Allston passed his hand caressingly over the curled and scented love-locks which decked the pretty head in golden plenteousness. His touch was very light and tender, but a waxen rosebud nestling in the ruffled braids fell from its stem and lay broken at his feet.

"Oh, my pretty rose!" cried Nelly, looking at him with a suddenly pale face. "Oh, Robert! see, you have broken it!"

"Is it so very precious?" asked Robert, stooping to pick it up. "Why, how pale you are, Nelly! What is the matter?"

"Nothing, only I am sorry about the rose," she answered, trying to smile. "It is one that Mr. Foster gave me to-night, with a pretty speech about my future happiness, and it seemed ominous that you should destroy it so soon."

"Nonsense! I will give you a dozen to take the place of it, to-morrow," said Robert, lightly. His forehead was a little darker than it had been a moment since, but he laughed and took the pale face of his darling in his hands, and kissed the delicate cheeks, and so brought the flitting roses back.

"There! now say good-night, for I must go. You must get to sleep, too, or you will be bringing me white cheeks to-morrow. But don't dream of Foster and the broken rose," he added, with tender jealousy. "Your dreams are all mine now. Good-night!"

He kissed her, and so with another good-night left her. Her roses were all back again by this time, and her face was like a morning flower as she stood leaning on the gate watching her lover as with light steps he walked away from her.

"How happy I am!" she began the old refrain. "What have I done that I should be so blessed above all others. I have never in all my life met a person who seemed to be truly happy; not even Mr. Foster, who is so gentle and so good. Not one person. But I—ah, whether I am deserving to be or not—I am truly happy! happy! happy!"

"You should be very thankful, then, Miss Blythe," said a gentle voice, so close beside her that it made her start and cry faintly out. "Above all, you should be thankful for the knowledge of your happiness, since it is so often the misfortune of the human heart not to recognize it till it has fled forever."

Nelly turned and faced the speaker, a look of shame taking the place of the embarrassed and half offended expression of her eyes.

"It was very silly of me to be talking of myself aloud, Mr. Foster, and very selfish in me to leave you and mamma alone so long. Are you really going now? Won't you come back to the parlor and have some tea? Please. You look very tired," she added, softly.

The pretty, pleading look in the blue eyes raised to his was almost more than he could bear, and with a sudden movement Mr. Foster turned his face away a moment, letting the cool wind, if it would, blow back some color into it before he answered.

"I have already over-stayed my time, and have some unfinished work on my hands to do against to-morrow." He stopped, looked wistfully into the downcast, blushing face, and then stretched out his hand. His pale lips were forced into a haggard smile. "Shall we say good-bye, now, Nelly?"

Nelly! The word slipped from his tongue before he was aware, but he would not recall it. Let it go! It was a name of the past.

"Good-bye?" Nellie looked up with a startled air, and then, remembering, smiled. "Oh, no, no!" she cried, drawing slightly away from him. "Surely, I shall speak with you to-morrow; and good-bye is such a hard word to say. I hate it."

"Good-night, then — and happy dreams!" he cried.

He stood a moment holding the slender hand in his, knowing that he was saying "good-bye," and "farewell," as surely as if the grave were closing over that beloved face, which to-morrow was to pass away out of his life forever. After to-night only the Nelly of the past, a sacred memory would be left to him. The Nelly of the future could be nothing to him; she belonged to another even now. But, ah! how he had loved her.

So Nelly's two lovers left her with a good night and good-bye!

The old church bells, ringing for early service next morning, rang Nelly Blythe's wedding day in with a great, loud clamor. The Indian summerish beauty of that early sunrise was enough to delight the heart of all the living; but the hours flew by, the sun climbed higher up the sloping heights of heaven, one or two elderly spinster ladies dropped in "to assist," and still Nelly had not yet left her room. Impatiently at last, Mrs. Blythe tapped at her chamber door; there was no response, and with a heart beating a little faster than its wont, she turned the latch and entered.

The bed was empty, but the window stood wide open, and by it crouched a heaped up figure, all in white.

"Nelly, Nelly!" cried Mrs. Blythe, hastening forward. "Why are you sitting there in that plight, with not even your hair brushed? Do you know what the hour is?"

Nelly raised a tangled yellow head from her crossed arms, showing a white, haggard face, disfigured with tears and with dark lines encircling the hollow eyes.

"Good heavens, child!" cried her mother; "what is the matter with you? are you sick? Why do you sit there so listlessly? Have you forgotten that this is to be your wedding day?"

The girl dropped her face again with a shuddering moan.

"Oh, mother, mother! why did you come to tell me of it? I have been trying to persuade myself, since I sat down here, that it is a dream—nothing but a troubled dream, like the other. But if this is true, if I am surely to be married, then the other must be true, too. Oh, oh! That dream; that dreadful dream!"

She buried her face in her hands, and with a whispering cry, rocked herself back and forth like one wounded at heart, to the death.

Mrs. Blythe stood staring at her for a moment with wide-strained, frightened eyes; then recovering her presence of mind, she caught the young girl by the arm and shook her, almost angrily.

"Child, do you know what you are about? What is this you are telling me about a silly dream? Do you know that Robert Allston is here waiting for you, and that the people have already begun to gather at the church?"

Through the open window, the merry bells beginning to ring anew, burst with a riotous gladness, and Nelly, springing to her feet, put her hands over her ears.

"Go! only go!" she cried, turning to her mother with a hunted look. "Keep everybody away from me—keep *him*—keep Robert away, and I will be ready at the appointed hour. I will! I will!"

"But, child, you have had no breakfast, you will need something—you will need somebody to help you," remonstrated Mrs. Blythe.

"No! No! I will have nothing! I will have nobody—*nobody!* do you hear? Now go, and don't let me be disturbed."

She fairly pushed her mother from the room, and the good lady standing, irresolute, on the landing without, heard the key turned fiercely in the lock. It was the strangest wedding. In the parlor below, Robert Allston, robed and gloved, was walking up and down impatiently. The spinster ladies hovered in the passages; the bridesmaids, bright and beautiful in trailing gauze and flowers, stole up to that closed door, and then came back with bountiful bewilderment gathered in their wide, girlish eyes.

Once or twice Mrs. Blythe felt her heart standing still with a dreadful unknown horror of something vaguely possible to be. But Nelly was as good as her word, and at the moment when the hour struck, she swept down the stairs, a slim, flowered figure, all in white; beautiful, but, God, how deathly cold!

Robert, hurrying to meet her, started back with a shocked word.

"My darling, what is the matter? How white you are. Are you ill?"

Nelly raised her eyes to his, but no answering smile for him broke through their violet gloom.

"Shall we go?" she asked, calmly. "It is late, I think, and I have already kept you waiting too long."

This was her greeting to her lover on the day that she was to have been so happy.

It was the strangest wedding. Robert's anxious manner, the bridesmaids' curious, bewildered looks; the bride's icy and entirely unembarrassed deportment.

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"Oh, could I only lay me down to rest,
Crossing my weary hands upon my breast."—(See Poem.)

But once, in the midst of it all, Fairfax Foster, standing there in his sacred ministerial robes, and repeating, in a grave, sweet voice, the lovely service which gave the woman whom he loved to another man, chancing to raise his eyes, he met Nelly's look fixed on him so full of a mute, beseeching appeal, that for a moment his heart stood terribly still.

What could it mean? It was all over in a second; the white lids fell on that glance of passionate appeal—but brief as it was, he knew that he had not been mistaken in it. It was the voiceless cry for help of a bewildered soul in trouble; but what could he do? The services went on. Forever and ever—world without end—amen! Ay! so shall it be! The holy law has said it, and she was the wife of another man, now, and *his* was the right and office to comfort her in her sorrow.

Mr. Foster, perplexed and uneasy, declined going to the house with the gay bridal party, and shrank away to his solitary thoughts. He was strolling up and down his garden, musing on that mysterious look, and pondering on what he had loved and what he had lost, when a step on the walk aroused him. Turning quickly, he saw Nelly Allston standing beside him, robed in her dark-blue traveling dress and bonnet for her journey.

"Hush!" she cried. "Don't be surprised. I stole out of the back gate, for I wanted to hear you say 'Good-bye and God speed you,' to me. I could not go away without hearing your voice again."

He took her hand in his and stood looking at her, unable to speak.

"I feel that if you said 'God bless you,' it would help me," she went on, ramblingly. "You are a good man, and it would speed me on my way—my dark and clouded way. Oh! oh!"

With a sudden quick uplifting of her hands she sat down, moaning. And Fairfax Foster, bending over her for one brief instant, wrestled with a fierce and passionate desire to fold her to his heart, and let her sob her grief out there in his arms. His face was very pale when he spoke at last in his grave, gentle voice:

"Do not cry so. What is this sudden trouble? Can I help you?"

"Hush!" she answered, starting up. "They are calling me. Don't you hear them?" She brushed the tears away, and brushed the tangled golden hair back from her face, and then stretched out her hand. "Good-by," she said. "Say 'good-bye and God bless you, Nelly.' *Won't* you say it, for the last time," she pleaded, as he stood silent.

He found his voice at that.

"Good-bye, Nelly, and God forever bless you!" he cried, and then, without another, or a backward glance at him, she was gone.

Gone, and away to their own home. The people with whom Mr. and Mrs. Allston were thrown into association discovered quickly that the new couple were very "queer" in their deportment to each other. Most traveling people know what life in a fashionable boarding house in an American city is. They know the quick, keen eyes waiting to discover—and the vulture appetite ready to gnaw at faults and failures.

That Robert Allston loved, ay, worshipped his wife, there was no disputing. There was, too, a curious deference in his manner, an eager deferring to her wishes, and constant effort to maintain himself in her esteem, which was strangely affecting to the observer, while the steady coldness, the splendid indifference with which she bore back his warmest temper, was more than puzzling to the lookers-on.

"He has given her deadly offense, some time," mused one keen critic; "and his whole life is now one long effort to set himself right in her regard—a failure, so far, too!"

The hurrying months flew by; the summer season came, and then the usual flight of towns-people into the country followed, as a thing of course. But the Allstons still stayed on, though their friends had, one by one, all dropped away, and the city heat, the glare of glass and brick, grew more than one could philosophically endure.

Whenever Robert had urged Nelly to make her choice of a trip to the seaside, or the mountains, she had invariably answered:

"I am very well here; I need no change."

"But the heat," urged Robert, kindly; "it is really getting fearful, and the reports of fever and epidemic grow more alarming every day." His look and manner were very anxious as he spoke.

"I have no fears of sickness," she answered, coldly; "and I do not mind the heat. I am very well, and I prefer to remain here."

Robert would have urged the matter further, but something in the expression of the violet eyes, fixed with that cold stare upon him, bore back his eager will, and with a half sigh, and a nervous "Very well—do as you like," he left her.

He came back that night, haggard and worn, from his office.

"I think," he said to his wife, "if you do not mind, and since you absolutely refuse to go away with me, that I will join some friends in a week's trip to the Adirondacks. I really am feeling overworked and in need of rest," he went on, nervously.

Nelly did not lift her eyes from her needle, but her answer came cool and clear.

"Pray do go. I think you are very wise in making a change. And why limit yourself to a week? It would be better to stay till you are feeling thoroughly restored."

If he felt any pain at her indifference and her calm acquiesence in his plans, he gave no sign of it, but made his preparations quietly. When the hour came for him to leave her, he stood with a pale face, hesitating by her chair.

"You are sure you will not be"—"lonely," he was going to say, but he caught himself in time, and substituted the colder word, "uncomfortable." "You have everything that you desire for your comfort at present?"

"Everything!" she answered. "I am quite well cared for."

"If there is anything I can do for you—anything I can send you while I am gone"—he hesitated, looking wistfully at the sweet, cold face so pertinaciously bent down away from him.

"There is nothing you can send me—nothing that I care for!"—she burst out almost passionately. "Do not think of me."

"Not think of you!" he whispered, still with that eager wistfulness in his gaze. "Not think of you. God! what are you saying to me!"

Then, with such a fierce restraint that the teeth shut upon his lips brought the quick spurting blood under the pressure, he stopped, bent and kissed her forehead, and with a whispered "good-bye," went away without looking at her again.

She had not asked him to write to her, and if, as morning after morning passed and brought her no sign of his remembrance, if she, in her turn, felt any pain at his indifference, there were none to guess it. She was sitting alone in her room one day, the fourth of his absence, when a message was brought her—the orange envelope of the telegraph company, and with one quick leap upward her heart seemed to die of dread. She tore the paper open and read:

"YOUR HUSBAND IS BADLY HURT! COME AT ONCE!"

Only that, with the directions. She made her arrangements in a numb sort of waiting terror, and made the journey, too, as a person would in a dream. She feared to ask even a question of the messenger, who met her half way on the route, and when he would have spoken she held up her hand and turned away her face. He had been wounded by the accidental discharge of his gun—that was all she heard.

She found him lying in bed, a pale, shattered, haggard figure, his bandaged limbs helpless, his face drawn and white with pain, the pitiful wreck of Robert Allston. He turned his eyes upon her as she entered, and to her dying day Nelly Allston will never forget the agony of mute appeal which spoke through them.

No time for coldness now. She hurried forward, and, kneeling, flung one arm across his breast and dropped her face to his, and sobbed:

"Oh, Robert! Robert! Robert!"

He tried to lift his hand and could not; but he feebly turned his face and laid his lips upon the fold of ruffled golden hair that lay in plenteous profusion on his pillow.

"Oh, my darling! my darling!" he whispered. "You love me again—you have forgiven me at last!"

"Hush!" she whispered. "Don't speak of that now."

"I must! I must!" he cried. "You would never hear me—you would never let me speak; and now I wish to vindicate myself. I meant no wrong, Nelly, as God hears me I did not. It was through my love for you I erred. I loved you, Nelly, and I was not strong enough to resist temptation. You can afford to forgive me *now*."

She looked at him with wide, horror-stricken eyes, and then looked at the surgeon who came up and stood silently by.

"Robert, O, Robert!" she shrieked. "Live—only live—for me! for me!"

He tried to answer her, but a horrible change came over his face.

"Say that you have forgiven me," he gasped. "Say it, Nelly; quick! quick!"

"I forgive you! I have nothing to forgive!" the sorrowful woman sobbed. "Oh, Robert, forgive *me*—and live for my sake."

He saw, with dying power of will, all the flood of eager, remorseful love which flowed into her eyes and made her face sweet and womanly to him once more. With a last effort of despairing strength he lifted himself and wrapped his arms about her, and held her to his heart with a grasp as if he could never let her go again.

"Do not mourn!" he said, brokenly. "I die happy—your love has come back

to me after many days. This is better—to die in peace—rather than to live in the shadow of your hate. Oh! it was hard—for I loved you!—it was because I—loved you—loved you—that——"

His voice failed; he struggled vainly to hold himself up, and then, with a sigh, sank back in Nelly's arms—dead!

So Nelly Alston went back to her girlhood's home; a widow, and only one year a wife. Her mother welcomed her with pitying gladness, and Foster, from his window across the way, grew accustomed to the sight of a slim black figure pacing up and down the walk in the brightness of the red autumnal days. There was no change in their relations to each other. He came and went, and she received him kindly, and they walked up and down the garden paths together. It seemed to him at times as if the very leaves were the same whirling down the walk which they had crushed beneath their feet a year ago. Only her black robes, and the stern, sad look in her young eyes, told of a difference.

She had been home a year when, one day, in the garden, she brought him a newspaper (the journal of the morning) with a passage marked for him to read:

"*Died, on the 10th inst., Margaret Alston, wife of Robert Alston, deceased.*"

He read it over the second time, and then looked at her inquiringly.

"She was *his* wife," she sobbed—"Robert's wife. He got a divorce from her to marry me. Was not that dreadful?"

For a moment Fairfax could not speak, but he sat holding her hands with a mute eloquence of sympathy which comforted her more than many words could have done.

"This, then," he said, at length, "was the trouble that overcame you on your bridal morning. I remember your look. I felt it, but dared not speak."

"Oh, that dreadful morning!" she wailed, clasping her hands and rocking herself back and forth with the old familiar gesture. "The truth came to me in a dream that night. Twice I dreamed the same thing—of a tall woman, dressed in black like a nun, who stood at the foot of my bed and cried, 'You have driven me out of my husband's heart. He loved me until he saw you. Oh, wicked girl! you have killed me!'

"I shall never forget it," Nelly went on in high excitement. "I guessed the truth at once. But, oh, I was such a coward! and it was all so sudden. If I could have found the courage to speak to you that morning, you would have helped me, and a great wrong might have been averted."

"But he," said Fairfax, gently; "did he—Robert—confess this wrong?"

"Yes; when it was too late. He owned it when I charged him. She was a weak, kindly-natured woman, older than he—not—not gifted, perhaps, but guilty of no wrong toward him—her only fault her feebleness of mind—but, through all, his wife. To the day of his death she was Robert Alston's wife."

"Hush!" cried Fairfax, sternly, shocked at her great excitement. "Do not think of it in that light. The law of the land separated them honorably—honorably, at least, as the world goes——"

Nelly raised her head and flashed a look of proud reproof upon him.

"The law of the land! Yes; but there is that higher law, the law of God, irrevocable, which says, what He has united, no man shall put asunder. In the sight of angels she was his wife—his wife to the last—and I—and I——"

"A much wronged, but an innocent woman," said Fairfax Foster's sweet, grave voice; "and, being innocent, you can afford to forget the past—let it lie in an undisturbed grave. He sinned through his love for you, and where repentance is, the sins of love, great though they are, will be forgiven."

She looked at him, doubtfully, through her tears, but his philosophy, though in his heart he himself may have questioned it, comforted her.

Little more was said between them, but, when they separated, her hand lingered in his, and his "Good-night, and God bless you!" recalled the olden time, and brought the old warmth to her cheek.

Before the autumn leaves had faded, going to her room one night, she sought for and found amid some relics of the past a broken, faded rose-bud.

"It is the perfect type of that other love," she said; "broken and blasted almost before it was in flower!"

Dead! A dead happiness! But, Phœnix-like, out of its ashes a new hope sprung, joyous and beautiful, for that day Fairfax Foster had asked her to be his wife.

HOW A JAPANESE TAKES HIS BATH.—In Japan, even in the lowest inns, the traveler's request for a bath is never met with that stare of blank astonishment which often attends the demand in most European countries. In Ireland once we asked for a bath, and they brought us a bread-pan; and, on another occasion, in France, we could get no nearer than a horse-trough; while in England and Germany the request has more than once led to a serious breach of peace between travelers and landlords.

In Japan, on the contrary, there would be much more surprise felt if the traveler did *not* ask for one. There were no preparations required, no rushing about of chambermaids, no turning on this and off that—everything was quite ready, and you are at once conducted to a huge wooden bath with a small earthen furnace let in at the foot, and a lid enclosing the whole of the top with the exception of a space just big enough for the head of the bather to emerge through. In one of these contrivances, with a small furnace burning gaily, a Japanese, after his day's work is over, will sit calmly boiling himself with the lid on, and the water bubbling about him at boiling heat. He seems, however, to like it uncommonly, to judge from the pleased expression on his face fast deepening under the process into the beetroot-like tints; and when he has, at last, had enough—about an hour of it—he takes off the lid and emerges as much like a boiled lobster as a human being can become.

THE best part of human qualities is the tenderness and delicacy of feeling in little matters, the desire to soothe and please others—*minutiæ* of the social virtues. Some ridicule these feminine attributes, which are left out of many men's natures; but the brave, the intellectual, the eloquent, have been known to possess these qualities—the braggart, the weak, never! Benevolence and feeling ennoble the most trifling actions.

THE SUMMER HAS FADED.

The gold of summer has paled away
With the roses' scarlet splendor;
The silver cloudlets are turned to grey
As the shadows, pale and tender,

Fall o'er the earth, as the dying year,
With a smile of saddened glory,
Rests like a crown on the distant hills
And the shadowy plains before me.

No longer we hear, when the morning breaks
O'er the rose green hills and mountains,
The sweet, wild notes of the woodland choir,
As it chimes with the silver fountains.

The pearly blossoms lie withered and dead,
And the changing leaves are lying,
Like rubies, sapphires and scarlet blooms,
Where the feathery trees are sighing.

CAST UP BY THE SEA!

By MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "East Lynne," etc., etc.

[This serial was commenced in No. 46, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XXVIII.

LADY ADELAIDE'S INTERVIEW.

The box had arrived in triumph at the Sailor's Rest. Covered over with a cloth that it might not attract attention going in, and so set gossips' tongues to work before their legitimate time, it was lifted from the truck and up the stairs. Lord Dane's mouth worked convulsively as he saw it, saw that the leaden case was intact, for now any doubts that might have arisen reflecting on his much-loved son were dispelled forever. He silently leaned back on the sofa, covered his face, and gave thanksgiving to God.

But, just previously to this, William had gone out on the fruitless errand of meeting Wilfred Lester, who never came to his appointment. He met Maria instead; which was, perhaps, to him quite as satisfactory. Anxious enough, though, was he to see Wilfred, to get a promise from him, if possible, that he would henceforth forswear these disgraceful and dangerous escapades—for that was his hope and purpose. The previous night, or rather early morning, when he had found Wilfred in the shrubs, escaping from his father's house, and had hurried him to his home, he asked him to appoint an interview, for that was no moment for speaking, and Wilfred had done so for the following night after dark. "Somewhere in the road skirting the wood near the hall," he named; he probably feared that a chance word might reach the ears of Edith, did he fix it at his own home. It thus happened that when the box came in, William was absent.

"Put it there for security," said Lord Dane, indicating a closet at the foot of his bed, "and give the key into my possession. That may prove a safer stronghold than the secret closet at the castle; it is certainly a more legitimate one. And now, Apperly, do me a favor; go and get Lady Adelaide here."

"Lady Adelaide Lester! To-night, my lord?"

"I have a fancy for seeing her. I shall see everybody by degrees, now the box is found. What's the hour?"

"It's between eight and nine. What shall I say to Lady Adelaide to induce her to come? And she may not be at home!"

"Anything you please, save telling her who it is that wants her. It is the evening of all others that she is likely to be at home, and the evening when she could best come. This county party takes the husbands, and the wives are solitary."

Mr. Apperly proceeded to the hall, and was shown into Lady Adelaide's presence, who was alone. He had been concocting his tale as he went along. What her ladyship should think of him afterwards, he little heeded; all his business was to obey Lord Dane.

"An old friend of mine come to Danesheld, and lying ill at the Sailor's Rest? and wants to see me instantly?" cried Lady Adelaide. "I never heard of such a thing!"

"I may go further than an old friend, my lady, and say a relation," pursued Mr. Apperly. "I beg your ladyship not to delay; I will attend you thither."

"But I never heard of such a thing," she repeated.

However, Mr. Apperly contrived to gain his point, and she went out with him. It was at this juncture that they met William Lydney and Maria.

"Ah, ha, Mr. William, so we have caught you, have we?" cried the lawyer, while Lady Adelaide stood in speechless astonishment. "Beaning about the young ladies, sir. I shall acquaint Lord Dane."

Now, of course, the words "acquaint Lord Dane" bore very different sounds for their several hearers. William only laughed; Maria's pulses beat with confusion; Lady Adelaide, in her pride, resented the indecorous familiarity.

"Do I see *you* here, Miss Lester?" she haughtily asked. "And with that man!"

Maria would have withdrawn her arm from Mr. Lydney's. He would not suffer it; he held her under his protection, and stood with her, frank and upright, before Lady Adelaide.

"Mamma, I have been to Wilfred's; I had an urgent reason for going," she said, her voice trembling. "It was but at the corner, here, in returning, that I met Mr. Lydney."

"Degenerate girl! you had better take up your abode with Wilfred; two choice scions of one stock!" retorted Lady Adelaide. "My house shall not much longer hold you, or my children be disgraced by your companionship."

"Your ladyship will at least allow her an asylum a short while yet," spoke William, and his words and tone were harsh with mockery. "Until——"

"Until what, may it please you, sir?" asked Lady Adelaide, in the same bitter tone, for he had paused in hesitation.

"I was about to say until Lord Dane shall remove her from it," he replied, bending forward till his face nearly touched Lady Adelaide's, as if he would speak for her ear alone.

Maria felt utterly confounded at the words, while Mr. Apperly enjoyed the scene amazingly, and understood the allusion to "Lord Dane." He saw how matters stood between the heir and Maria Lester.

"How dare you presume to speak thus familiarly of Lord Dane?" cried Lady Adelaide in her wrath. "Unhand that young lady, sir. Quit his arm, Miss Lester. Do you hear?"

"In obedience to you, her stepmother, she shall do it," quickly returned William.

He released Maria, but continued to walk by her side the few steps that intervened between them and the gate. Lady Adelaide sailed majestically past them, and rang a violent peal on the bell.

"Show Miss Lester indoors," she authoritatively cried, as one of the menservants came flying to answer it. "And now, sir," she added, to William, "have the goodness to remove yourself from before the hall, or you may be breaking into it again, as you did last night."

"You will think better of me some time, Lady Adelaide," he answered, without the slightest resentment in his tone, as he raised his hat and turned away to pursue his path homeward, though not without having first shaken hands with Maria.

"How is it possible, in the name of common sense, that you lawyers and magistrates and people can permit that man, Lydney, to be at large?" asked her ladyship, as they also walked on.

"I fancied he was rather a favorite of yours, my lady."

"A favorite! Well, so he was, before all these dreadful suspicions and things came out against him. But, now that he is proved to be a black sheep, we can only take shame to ourselves for having suffered his companionship."

"Except Miss Lester," put in the lawyer, who appeared somewhat given to aggravation that night. "She sees no shame in his companionship, if one may judge by signs."

"Were Miss Lester my own daughter, I should ask by what right you dare thus speak of her to me," stiffly rejoined Lady Adelaide. "As it is, I wash my hands of her and her doings; if she chooses to go unmitigatedly to the bad, as her brother has done, by allying herself to this evil character, she must do it."

"She might go further and fare worse, my lady."

"She might—what?" ejaculated Lady Adelaide.

"She might go further and fare worse than in allying herself to William Lydney; that is what I said, my lady," was the composed answer of Mr. Apperly.

"Of course she might. She might ally herself to Jack Ketch, the hangman; rather worse, of the two, than one who probably will come to be hung," was the vexed retort of the lady.

"Very true, so it would," quoth Mr. Apperly.

"I expect my madcap brother has arrived in Danesheld, and is playing me this trick," resumed her ladyship, loftily quitting the previous topic. "It would be just like him; to send me word he was dying, and then laugh at me when he gets me there."

"No, I do assure you you are mistaken, my lady. I had the honor of seeing the Earl of Kirkdale when he visited Danesheld; this gentleman does not resemble him in the least; is an older man, in fact."

Lady Adelaide vouchsafed no reply. She had little doubt that it would prove to be the Earl of Kirkdale, and she observed silence until she entered the Sailor's Rest. Mrs. Ravensbird came forward, full of obeisance to her former lady.

"Sophie," began Lady Adelaide, walking unceremoniously into Sophie's parlor, "is it Lord Kirkdale who is here?"

Sophie was overwhelmed with astonishment. First at Lady Adelaide's coming there at all; secondly, at her question, touching the earl.

"Lord Kirkdale, my lady!" she repeated. "His lordship has not been here; I don't know anything of him."

"No! Who is it then that wants me?"

"My lady, I am unaware that any one does. I don't understand. We have no strangers staying at the Sailor's Rest."

"Don't come to hasty conclusions, Mrs. Ravensbird," said the lawyer. "The invalid upstairs has asked to see her ladyship."

"Oh!" uttered Mrs. Ravensbird; and the accent expressed so much consternation, not to say alarm, that Lady Adelaide gazed alternately at her and at Mr. Apperly. The latter quitted the room.

"Sophie, what is this mystery? Who is it that can want me?"

"Oh, my lady, I cannot tell; I dare not. I never thought he would be sending for you."

"Will you walk up, Lady Adelaide," said Mr. Apperly, re-entering. "He is waiting for you."

"Well, now, that's a cruel thing," debated Sophie to herself. "They ought not to take her without warning. She'll be terrified out of her senses." Acting on the impulse of the moment, she ran forward and touched Lady Adelaide. "My lady," she whispered, "be prepared for alarm—you are going to see the dead back in life."

Between it all, Lady Adelaide began to wonder whether she had lost her senses, or whether they had. She only stared at Sophie in reply, and followed Mr. Aperly.

The first object on which Lady Adelaide's eyes rested as Mr. Apperly threw open the door, was William Lydney. She leaped to the conclusion that a hoax was really being played upon her, and that he was its perpetrator. He advanced as if to receive her, and slightly bowed—indignation flashed forth from her eye and lip.

"Is this your doing? Did you dare insolently to concoct a tale that should bring me from my home?"

"It was I who sent for you, Adelaide," interrupted a voice behind him.

She started at the sound: she looked to whence it came. There stood, holding out his hands, Harry Dane—if ever she had seen him in her life—Harry Dane, who was lying in the family-vaults, sent thither by her treachery and Herbert's violence. She shrieked, shivered, and would probably have fallen, but that William was ready with his help. Lord Dane advanced, feeble as he was, and held out his arm to lead her to the sofa.

"You need not be alarmed, Adelaide. It is I, myself, and not my ghost. Take my hand and feel it: you have not had the opportunity to do so for ten years."

She sank on the sofa, sobbing. Lord Dane made a sign, and they were left alone. He then applied himself to reassure her.

"Harry! Harry!" she uttered. "Did he then not kill you?"

"Who?"

"Herbert."

"You did know it, then? A heavy secret to bear, Adelaide, throughout these ten years."

"A secret that has made the curse of my existence," she wailed. "In the day's bustle, in the midnight's dark solitude, I have had one awful scene ever before me—the struggle between you and Herbert on the heights, and your fall over. In the social daily intercourse, in conversation with my friends, when the thought has flashed over me, I have stopped to shudder; in the dark night I have seen it over again, and woke up shrieking from the terrific dream. They say in the house that I am subject to the nightmare. As a heavy burden weighs down the body, so has that awful burden weighed down my spirit—and I have not dared to tell it."

"Herbert bound you to secrecy?"

"Not so. He does not know to this hour that I recognized either him or you. He may suspect: I cannot tell; but he can be at no certainty. The subject has been a barred one between us. He has not lived here; he has chiefly stayed abroad."

"Altogether, then, my disappearance—death, as it has been looked upon—did not bring you happiness?"

"Happiness!" she reiterated. "It has made my days a living misery. From that hour, I have never had a minute's real peace. I would have given my own life willingly to recall yours."

"But for your own conduct, Adelaide," he resumed, leaning towards her, "that night's work would never have had taken place."

"I know it, I know it," she answered, putting up her hands, as if she could shut out remembrance. "And it is that knowledge which has brought my share of the cost."

"Why did you deceive me?" he abruptly asked.

She clasped her hands on her knees, and made no answer.

"You suffered my love to grow almost into idolatry. Why did you do so? why did you not stop it at the outset? When I first came home you must have loved Herbert."

"Passionately," she whispered.

"And your motive for allowing me to beguile myself into the same passionate love? What was it?"

"I acted heedlessly—some might say wickedly. I thought the attentions of another would draw observation from me and Herbert; and Lady Dane was already partially awake to it."

"Every action of yours at that time was one of deceit to me. Should you have married me? or broken your promise, and openly jilted me when the time came?"

"It is past and over," said Lady Adelaide.

"Yes, it is past and over. Romance has yielded its place to the realities of life. I am older than my years and *dying*—you are a married woman, and the mother of many children. Therefore we may well converse upon the past, as freely as though we had not been the actors in it."

"Who says that you are dying?" she quickly uttered.

"I say so; the medical men say so; my wearing frame says so. I do not imply, Adelaide, that I am going to die this night: but an incurable disease is upon me, and is doing its work. That fall from the cliff injured me internally; and though I have appeared well, have gone about like others, have traveled, have enjoyed myself, I have never been the same man since. In the last year it has shown its progress rapidly, and there is no mistake that the end is drawing near. Very near I thought it was this morning; but I have rallied again, and may yet enjoy a few days' deceitful health and strength—deceitful as you were, Adelaide. I ask you whether you would have married me?"

"I do not know," she sighed. "I did not know then whether I would, though the question did sometimes cross me. I believe—if this is to be a confessional of truth—that I buoyed myself up with the hope that Herbert might get some good appointment, which would enable him to speak out. And another faint hope was cherished by both of us—one less justifiable."

"Tell it out, Adelaide."

"We hoped—I will not say that Lord Dane would die, but that *when* he died, it would be found he had remembered Herbert. Had it been but equivalent to a thousand a-year, we should have married, and risked it."

"Throwing me over to the dogs, or anywhere else that I might go!"

"I loved him before you came near us," she said, in a half-pleading tone.

"And you might have told me so at once. Why did you not marry him when impediments were removed? When I was gone, and he Lord Dane?"

Lady Adelaide turned half round to the questioner, something like horror in her eyes.

"Marry him then! When I thought him a murderer—by accident, if not by deliberation? I should have looked for your spirit to appear to us when we completed the contract. Many a time I have asked myself was he guilty in intention."

"No, Adelaide. I believe him to be innocent, so far. We were scuffling in angry passion, each for the mastery; but murder, or any serious injury, was no doubt thought of as little by him as by me. He cannot have impressed you, by words, with the belief that he was guilty?"

"By words! Do I not tell you that it has been an interdicted subject? Herbert Dane has never spoken to me of that night. When I ran away from the ruins, I could not control my shrieks. They broke from me in my nervous trepidation, but I had sense left not to betray cognizance of what had taken place. That I was a witness to some sort of scuffle, they forced from me afterwards, for they put me to the oath; but," she added, in a lower tone, "even the oath could not wring from me who were the actors in it."

"Did you witness it all?"

"I suppose not. When I reached the ruins, I heard sounds, as of dispute, and I ran through the chapel, and saw two men engaged in contest. I heard my own name. I heard sufficient to gather that I was the cause of enmity, and a dreadful sickness came over me when I recognized you and Herbert. In that same moment you fell over; I thought he had hurled you; and I had no peace afterwards, for I felt—I felt that I was almost as guilty as he. Herbert questioned me subsequently. What had I seen? he asked. What had terrified me? I would not satisfy him. I interdicted all mention of the subject; and interdicted it remained. He would have returned to our former confidential intimacy. He spoke seriously of our marriage—you were gone, Geoffry soon went, and he was the heir to Dane. No, no. I and Herbert Dane have remained strangers ever since; and I never gave him my reason for it."

"Did your love for him cease with that night?" resumed Lord Dane.

"Can love cease as rapidly as it comes on?" she returned, her accent one of sharp pain. "Though I refused Herbert Dane, though I took him for a murderer, I yet loved him. I believed that what he had done, he had done in the heat of passion, in his jealous love for me, and the feeling may have softened my judgment and my heart. All I know is, that it was years before I got over my tenderness for him. I do not think it had quite left me when he returned recently from abroad."

"Yet, in the very midst of this love, you married George Lester!"

"I had the choice of two alternatives: to return to Scotland—hated Scotland—or to marry George Lester, and I chose the latter. He has been an indulgent husband to me."

"Very much so, as I hear," remarked Lord Dane, "more so than to Katherine Bordillion's children."

Lady Adelaide's cheeks flushed at the allusion. She did not pursue it. She began to question Lord Dane of his escape from death, of his sojourn abroad, and he gave her a brief summary of its history.

"How could you think of not letting us know you were alive?"

"Let you know? My father and mother were dead, and you the wife of George Lester: there were none left in the old country who cared to hear from me."

"But to go off in that strange way in Colonel Moncton's yacht. And the castle close at hand for you to have been brought to!"

"That night was the turning-point in my life, as well as in yours," was Lord Dane's pointed answer. "It opened my eyes to the fact that Adelaide Errol, my promised bride, was but playing a game with me—that while her shafts of ridicule, of dislike, were thrown to me, she kept her heart's love for Herbert. Smarting under the blow, was there any wonder that I should become an alien, Lady Adelaide?"

Again she bent her face down—her face still so lovely—and the bright color rose upon it, almost as fresh as it had used to do in its damask purity.

There was a pause in the conversation: each was occupied with the past. Lady Adelaide was the first to interrupt it.

"When did you arrive at Danesheld?" she asked, as the thought occurred to her. "To-day?"

"Last September, when the turbulent sea cast me ashore. But for your stepson's exertions with the life-boat, I had never again seen Danesheld."

"Last September!" she repeated, quite shrieking in her astonishment. "Was it you who were saved—who have been lying since at the Sailor's Rest? Why have you done so?"

"I tell you, as I told Apperly, when he put to me the same question—for reasons. Perhaps from the delicate motive of not wishing suddenly to deprive my Lord Dane of his title and rent-roll."

There was a grim smile on the speaker's face, and Lady Adelaide slightly started as the full import of the words struck upon her.

"Why, yes; as you are here, Herbert cannot be the rightful possessor," she slowly said. "You—must—be—Lord Dane!"

"I am Lord Dane. Herbert is not, and never has been."

"Then why in the world did you not return when your father died?"

"We will let that subject rest, Adelaide. I never supposed it was Herbert who was reigning. I thought it was my brother Geoffry. I have heard a rumor that Herbert Dane seeks a wife in Maria Lester. A pretty child she was ten years ago."

"I have not interfered—I would not interfere in Herbert Dane's marriage. I expect she would have been his wife by now, had not her fancy become enthralled by another, one William Lydney. I saw him in your room as I came in; you would shun him did you know his character. Why, Harry, he is a dreadful man; an adventurer and a robber. He broke into our house last night. He is pursuing Maria for her fortune—that fourteen thousand pounds she is entitled to."

"Indeed!" composedly returned he. "Grave accusations to bring against a Dane."

"Against a Dane! of course they would be; but I am not speaking of a Dane."

"I am. William Lydney is a Dane, and was born one."

Lady Adelaide sat with her mouth open, half stupefied, Lord Dane touched her arm.

"You may remember that I informed you of my early marriage. I did not tell you that I had a son born of it, but I intended to acquaint you, Adelaide, before I made you my wife. It is he whom you Danesheld people have been converting into an adventurer, a house-breaker, a poacher—I know not what. He is my own son — Geoffry William Lydney Dane."

"Why then he—he—will be—surely Lord Dane!" uttered she, when her consternation allowed her to speak.

"The very moment the breath goes out of my body, he is Danesheld's lord. A better *parti* for Maria Lester than Herbert Dane."

"My goodness me!" gasped Lady Adelaide. "And I have called him—I don't know what I have not called him. Every thing but a gentleman."

"Adelaide," said Lord Dane, awaking from a fit of musing into which he fell; "take it for all in all, life has not been to you all flowers and sunshine."

"Taking one thing with another, it has been to me a wretched life," she answered, bursting into tears. "The world speaks of 'The gay Lady Adelaide;' it has more cause to speak of the repentant one. My own deceit has come home to me, as Herbert's must have come home to him."

"As we sow so must we reap," concluded Lord Dane. "Deceit is a crime that, sooner or later, entails its sure punishment."

CHAPTER XXIX.

TAKING DANE CASTLE BY STORM.

Lord Dane (we call him so a little while longer) and Miss Dane were seated at breakfast, in the castle, or to speak more correctly, after breakfast, for the meal was over, though the things were not removed. Miss Dane was airily attired, as if in opposition to the winter weather; gay colors predominated in her dress, and her ringlets were no less flowing than usual. They were holding an argument about William Lydney.

"It's of no use trying to convince me, Geoffry," said she, persisting in her own view of things. "I know that he is no more what you call him than I am. He is the best looking, the most polite, the most gentlemanly man in Danesheld, and he does pay the sweetest compliments. He is a most fascinating man, it can't be denied, and I expect him here every minute."

"Expect whom here? Not that fellow, Lydney!" cried Lord Dane, aroused out of his apathy.

"Indeed, yes, he and no other," she smiled. "I despatched a note to him yesterday evening, after I heard of his release from the fangs of Young and those harpies, requesting him to be here this evening at ten o'clock, on important business. I want to offer him my congratulations, and to assure him of the fact that the more Danesheld abuses him the higher he stands with me."

"You always were a weak fool, Cecilia, and you show it more every day," was the complimentary retort of Lord Dane. "With regard to that impostor, I shall stand no further nonsense, he goes out of Danesheld, or I do. I wrote to Sir Richard Mayne last night. These police underlings shall find out what it is to beard a lord-lieutenant. And you may as well understand me now, and for the future. Should your friend Lydney attempt to darken my doors, the servants shall kick him out."

"How remarkably impolite you are, Geoffry, and you do take such unaccountable prejudices," was Miss Dane's rejoinder, who, whatever may have been her other deficiencies, possessed one of the meekest of tempers. "It is my home as well as yours, and I shall receive my own friends in it of course."

"Any friend you please, but not Lydney. If Miss Dane cannot keep herself from degrading associates, I must beg leave to do it for her."

"Ah, but you can't," she returned, gently clapping her hands in triumph, as she looked from the window, "for he is already come."

Out of the room strode Lord Dane, and down to the hall. Lydney was in the middle of it, being shown in, and Bruff was crossing to meet him, bowing very low.

"What do you do here, sir?" he foamed.

"I am here in obedience to a request of Miss Dane," was the answer, delivered courteously. "My visit is not to your lordship."

"I am the master of this castle," foamed Lord Dane, "and there is the door. Go out of it."

He laid his hand on Lydney's shoulder, possibly to enforce compliance in no very gentle manner, but Bruff positively forced himself between them.

"Oh, my lord, don't, don't," he pleaded in excitement. "You may be sorry for it afterwards. This gentleman may have as much right as your lordship to—to—enter castles."

Whether Lord Dane would have flung Bruff out for his interference, and Lydney after him, cannot be told, for at that moment advanced Mr. Blair, who had followed Lydney in.

"Sir," he said to Lord Dane, "will you grant me an interview before dealing further with this gentleman?"

"Sir? sir!" repeated Lord Dane, astonished at the style of address.

For ten good long years he had left the "sir" beneath him.

"I speak advisedly," was the whispered answer. "I have strange tidings to communicate to you."

Lord Dane glanced around him, and was seized with an inward panic. The detective stood calm and stern; Lydney self-possessed and dignified, yet with somewhat of pity in his countenance; Bruff was troubled and fearful, but testifying to Lydney the utmost respect. Lord Dane noted it all, and his courage failed him, almost his self-possession, yet he had no suspicion of the nature of the calamity to come.

"Pass in here," he said to Mr. Blair, motioning to Bruff to open the door of the dining-room.

And, as the old butler hastened to obey, he saw the same livid look on his master's face which it had worn the night he passed him in the gateway.

They were shut in, and Lord Dane motioned to the officer to take a chair.

"I have come here to prepare you for a most unpleasant surprise," began Mr. Blair, somewhat at a loss for words to break the unwelcome tidings, "and I have but a minute or two to do it in, for one is following me close at hand who—who—must cause a startling effect upon you, and it will be well for you that I speak first. But you are ill."

"No," replied Lord Dane, as unconcernedly as his quivering lips, which he was biting in his agitation, allowed him to speak; "proceed."

"You were surprised at my addressing you as 'sir,' and naturally so. I am sorry that it should have fallen to my task to inform you of the change hanging over your head, but I must do my duty, however unpleasant. When I released William Lydney from custody, you questioned my motives, my right—I believe my good feeling. I would have explained matters to you then, had I been at liberty to do so, but they were not sufficiently ripe. I must do it now, and I can only ask you to bear it as a man."

Lord Dane made no reply. He stood with his arms folded and his pale face turned on the speaker. That he only controlled himself to calmness by a very great effort was evident.

"Ten years and some months ago," proceeded Mr. Blair, "a catastrophe occurred in the Dane family. Captain the Honorable Harry Dane met his death, as was supposed, in falling from the heights, struggling with an assailant. Until a day or two back it was neither known nor suspected who the other was, but it is at length discovered to have been you. He——"

Mr. Blair paused, alarmed at the appearance of Lord Dane, whose agitation was fearful to behold.

Well it might be. All that he had dreaded for years was come. Lady Adelaide had spoken of her burden, but what was hers compared to the one he had carried? One perpetual nightmare had lain upon his soul. In his ghastly visions by day and by night one perpetual terror had ever been upon him—the day of DISCOVERY, when he should be dragged from his high pinnacle to answer for the murder of his cousin Harry, perhaps to suffer for it a felon's punishment, death upon the scaffold. That the officer now before him was about to arrest him, and was preparing him, in his humanity, he entertained no manner of doubt. The perspiration broke out on his brow in large drops of anguish, and he threw up his hands to Mr. Blair in an attitude of entreaty.

"It was not wilful murder," he

gasped, in a tone of the sharpest pain. "If you arrest me for it you will do me a foul wrong, for I am innocent. We were quarreling, and it came to blows; he struck the first, as I have a soul to be saved! he attacked me! We got too near the edge of the cliff in our strife, and he went over, but I did not push him; I swear I did not. I was as guiltless of intentionally causing his death as I am of causing yours. Could Harry Dane speak to you from the next world he would say so."

"Nay, but there is no cause for this violent agitation," interposed Mr. Blair. "Had you heard me to an end——"

"I thought for some days that it might be a warning that this was coming upon me," continued Lord Dane, in a dreamy tone, as he leaned against a sideboard, never so much as hearing the interruption:

Lord Dane's voice faltered, for sounds—he deemed them ominous ones—seemed to arise from the next apartment, the hall. Mr. Blair's ears were opened to the same, but before he could say another word to Lord Dane, or impede his movements, the latter had drawn the door gently open, so as to allow of peeping out. You may forgive the tremor that shook his frame; he believed that the officers of justice had arrived for him.

Not much like officers of justice, however, did the group look that met his view. Standing in the hall, his left hand affectionately laid on the shoulder of William Lydney, was a tall, upright figure, his high features bearing an unmistakable likeness to the Dane family. In spite of his pallor and his white hair, none could mistake him for any other than Harry Dane. "In the body or the spirit?" may have thought one who was gazing. The old servants of the castle were gathered round—some standing, some positively kneeling—all with tears in their eyes. Bruff's eyes were overflowing; and in the background stood Ravensbird and Lawyer Apperly.

"I said you would know me again," he smiled, his own eyes full, and his right hand grasping those of his father's old retainers. "I did not think I should live to return to assume my proper position among you; but God has been merciful to me, and I am here."

A low murmur of congratulation, intermixed with sobs, was heard in answer.

"Not for long, my dear old friends, not, I fear, for many days. You will only regain me to lose me again; but I shall leave one——"

The hall was rent with a shout.

"Long live Lord Dane! Thank God for restoring the dead to life! Long live and bless the true Lord Dane!"

"No, no, it will not be for long," he answered; "for the old grim enemy who must take us all at last, is coming swiftly on for me. I was about to introduce you to one who will fulfill my place to you in all ways when I shall be gone. Look at this young man by my side, and tell me who he is like."

They looked attentively. Seeing the two side by side, they compared their height, their features; and some voices were heard to answer, somewhat timidly:

"He is like a Dane."

"Yes, he is like a Dane. You may have known him only as plain William Lydney; you may have heard him traduced as an adventurer, a suspected criminal. My friends, Danesheld little guessed who it was accusing. He is my only son, your future lord, the Honorable Geoffry Dane."

Geoffry Dane held out his hand; all pressed round to clasp it. There was another shout, while poor old Bruff sobbed outright.

But what, of all this, had heard Herbert Dane?—henceforth Lord Dane no more. Nothing, save the shout, "Long live Lord Dane;" for they were at one extremity of the great hall, he at the other. But he had *seen*. He turned his perplexed face upon Mr. Blair, its expression asking for the information that his lips did not.

"Yes, it is your cousin, Harry Dane, and if you saw him, as you state, the other evening, though I had not heard of it, you saw him in the flesh, not in the spirit. He did not die when he fell from the cliff; he was preserved, and has now come to claim his own. You are not about to be arraigned as murderer, the conclusion you jumped at," continued Mr. Blair, with a smile, "but you must put up with the loss of your title and fortune. *That* is Lord Dane."

"And he?" pursued Herbert, pointing with his finger to Lydney, the conviction flashing over his mind in the same moment that he had been all along laboring under some extraordinary delusion as to the young man's doings and character.

"His son, the Honorable Geoffry William."

Herbert Dane wiped the drops from his face, and went forth. The crowd opened, and they stood face to face gazing at each other.

"Herbert!"

"Harry!"

In a moment their hands were locked; and alone, save for William, they retired to the dining-room, Lord Dane leaning upon Herbert.

"First of all, Herbert, let me say that I forgive you——"

"It was not purposely done," interrupted Herbert Dane, in agitation, while William retired to the window out of hearing. "I never pushed you; I never knew we were so near the edge until you went over. Harry, I swear it."

"Not for the encounter; I have as much need of your forgiveness for that as you have of mine, for I believe I was the aggressor. But you might have come to see after me, or sent assistance to me when I was down."

"I never supposed but that it must have killed you, and in my cowardice I dreaded detection and punishment. As for assistance, I saw that one of the preventive men was underneath."

"What I would forgive you for is the *provocation*—the deceit practiced towards me by you and Adelaide. Do you realize what it must have been to me? I forgive you, as I have forgiven her. I am hastening on to my long journey, and I could not enter upon it without first squaring up my accounts; so I sent for her last night and gave it her."

"She was worth neither you nor me, Harry. She jilted me afterwards, like she had been ready to jilt you. Many a thousand times have I wished that I had let you win her; it would have been better for all of us."

"Ay. But we will drop the subject. You played me a sneaking trick, Herbert, about that box. What induced you to steal it—and conceal it?"

"The box frightened me. I have feared detection in every leaf and sound for this last ten years, and when the box, that box, stared me in the face on the beach, I cannot tell you my sensations. Remember, I never cast a thought to the idea that you might be living, and if rights came to be measured, I, the only Dane left, might surely claim the box. I concealed it, and would have opened it to see what it contained, but the inner case baffled me. I will give it up to you; it is in the castle."

"I don't fancy it is," said Lord Dane. But he resumed. "And now comes the last question touching your misdoings. Why is it that you have so persecuted my son?"

"He terrified me as being the owner of the box. I no more supposed him to be your son, than I supposed him to be mine; but I did fear he might be coming over to denounce me as having helped you to your death. And I really have a bad opinion of him from his consorting with the poachers."

"Consorting with them!" returned Lord Dane, some scorn in his tone. "He was after the box—that's what took him into the poachers' company; and looking after Wilfred Lester, who was going to the bad as headlong as he could go. Who but Wilfred Lester, do you suppose, broke into his father's house? William went there to get him out of it."

Herbert Dane made no answer, in his surprise. The past was becoming clear to him.

CHAPTER XXX.

SQUIRE LESTER'S ASTONISHMENT—

Squire Lester was seated in his study, in a very cross and disturbed mood. Various things were giving him trouble. In the first place, the discharge of Lydney from custody, and the positive refusal of Inspector Young to retake him, was an offence that worked up his blood to bubbling heat; in the second, an interview he had just held with his daughter, increased it to boiling-point; and in the third, the uneasiness and vexation he endured on the score of his son, sent it flowing over. He *could not* deaden all natural feeling for Wilfred, though he had striven to do so lately; he began to fear that something must be wrong on his side; and to doubt whether Lady Adelaide's constant incentives to the persecution of Wilfred were altogether the precise line of conduct he ought to have fallen in with.

Of his wife's expedition to the Sailor's Rest the previous evening, under the convoy of Mr. Apperly, he knew nothing; Lord Dane having demanded a promise from her that she should for the present be silent as to his return. His anger against Maria arose from this: he had sent for her to his study that morning, and told her to hold herself in readiness to espouse Lord Dane; and Maria, calling up her whole stock of courage, had told him that she could not.

"You would prefer to marry that villain, Lydney!" spoke Mr. Lester, in his wrath.

Maria bent her head, crimsoning painfully. All that she reiterated was, that she could not marry Lord Dane.

Mr. Lester was obliged to wait for his rage to subside before he could speak.

"Look you here, Maria. I will give you the day to consider of it. If you do not tell me to-night that you are ready to accept Lord Dane, you must leave my house. You can take up your abode with Wilfred: I will not suffer you under my roof any more than I did him. Had I followed the advice of Lady Adelaide, you would have gone to them months ago. Disobedient, disgraceful children!"

"Oh, papa!" she said, the tears streaming from her eyes, "have a little compassion for us both! Give some aid to Wilfred, save him from utter ruin, and please do not force me upon Lord Dane!"

"Your answer to-night, Miss Lester," was all the rejoinder he vouchsafed to give.

Meantime there came a summons to the hall-door. The servant admitted three gentlemen, who had descended from a carriage. One, a commanding-looking man of attenuated features, a stranger to the domestic; Mr. Apperly, and—very dubiously looked the servant, not knowing whether to deny him admittance or not—William Lydney.

"I wish to see Mr. Lester," said the stranger.

The man bowed, and led the way to the study. He laid his hand on the handle of the door, and turned.

"What name, sir?"

"Lord Dane."

"I—I beg your pardon, sir," stammered the man, in his surprise. "I asked what name?"

"Lord Dane," was the distinct repetition: and the servant wondered what old madman had got in, as he announced it. He looked round for the other two, but found they had not advanced, so he closed the door on the one who had.

We left Mr. Lester seated in his study, fuming and fretting. He was interrupted by the announcement of Lord Dane, and turned to receive him. Instead of Lord Dane, there entered, walking slowly, as if from feebleness, but not stooping, a fine, upright man, with white hair. Mr. Lester supposed some mistake had been made, or that Lord Dane was following; but as he scanned the features of the visitor, he felt strangely startled, and drew back.

"I—I—thought he said Lord Dane," broke from him, in his embarrassment.

"So he did," was the stranger's answer, as he held out his hand. "Don't you know me, George? Who else, but myself, should be Lord Dane?"

Mr. Lester staggered to a chair and sat down, utterly petrified.

"Harry Dane did not die, George: and he has come back at the eleventh hour to claim his own. I should have been home ten years ago, had I dreamt that it was *Herbert* who was representing the Dane peerage; I never supposed but it was my brother Geoffry."

Mr. Lester clasped his hands and welcomed him, and at this juncture, Lawyer Apperly entered, and the events of the past were cursorily explained to Mr. Lester's almost disbelieving ears.

"What a dreadful blow for Herbert Dane?" was his first comment.

"Dreadful in one sense, inasmuch as that it deprives him of his rank," assented Lord Dane; "in another sense, it is a boon: a relief."

"Relief from what?" asked Mr. Lester, but Lord Dane evaded the question.

"Danesheld says—it has lost none of its gossiping talents—that he wished to marry your daughter."

"Why—yes," was Mr. Lester's slow answer, as he ran over probabilities and improbabilities in his own mind; "but—I don't know now. Of course this change will involve loss of income as well as loss of title."

"Undoubtedly. And he may think himself well off that I do not call upon him to make good the revenues of the estate, which he has enjoyed for the last ten years," Lord Dane added, laughing.

"I do not see that he can now think further of Maria," Mr. Lester observed, shaking his head. "And she does not like him."

"Were she quite free, I would have made her an offer on the part of my son," resumed Lord Dane.

"Your son!" echoed Mr. Lester. "Oh, to be sure, you have just said you have one by an early marriage. Is he in this country?"

"He is in this house; he came with me; but I sent him to wait in the drawing-room, until my first appearance to you should be over. By accepting him, your daughter's anticipated position will not be changed; she will still be Lady Dane. In point of wealth she will be better off, for Geoffry has an immense fortune from his mother's side."

"A most flattering, munificent offer," cried the gratified Mr. Lester, "and if Maria can only be brought to hear reason and to entertain it——"

"Oh, don't fancy we would force Miss Lester's inclination," interposed Lord Dane; "she must be allowed to decide for herself. You had better let my son be introduced to you. Apperly, suppose you go and bring him in."

"I shall be most delighted, most proud to make his acquaintance," spoke Mr. Lester, in the exuberance of his spirits. "I wonder what Apperly can be chuckling at," he thought, looking after him; "but I don't fancy he ever did cordially like Herbert Dane."

Mr. Apperly went away chuckling, and Mr. Apperly came back chuckling. Lydney was with him; and Lady Adelaide, and Maria followed them. Mr. Lester flew in a rage.

"You here! You audacious man! How dare you presume to intrude into my house! I beg your pardon, Lord Dane, but this man Lydney——"

Mr. Lester stopped, for Lord Dane had linked his arm within the "audacious man's," and was leading him up.

"An instant, George Lester," he said; "you shall tell me about Lydney when I have made the introduction. My son, Geoffry Dane."

The consternation of Mr. Lester was pitiable.

"*He!*—he your son?" he gasped, when he could speak.

"My own and only son—Geoffry William Lydney Dane, styled the Honorable. Ah, Lester! you and Danesheld have been abusing him—have been laying all sorts of outrageous sins to his charge, deceived into it by the calumniations of Herbert Dane; but Maria was more clear-sighted than any of you. She saw that his nature was what it is, all honor and goodness, and she trusted him. I think you should give her to him in recompense."

Lady Adelaide advanced, her cheek flushed with emotion, as she addressed her husband.

"George, I never urged you to give her to Lord Dane—to Herbert; I do urge you to give her to Geoffry."

"I can but ask you to hold to your promise, sir," interrupted William, looking at Mr. Lester with a sunny smile. "You have vowed she shall only marry to be Lady Dane, and the sole chance of her becoming so—since my father is not a candidate for her hand—is by accepting me. Give her to me," he yearningly pleaded. "I will love and cherish her forever."

"I'll draw up the marriage settlements for nothing, if you will say yes," cried out Lawyer Apperly, in the fullness of his satisfaction. "I could walk a mile on my head, to-day."

"What in the world is the matter with you all?" exclaimed Mr. Lester, above the confusion and in his own emotion. "You are beseeching me as if for some great boon, hard to grant; I think the boon will be bestowed on me. Take her," he added, as he grasped William's hand; "take her, and keep her, and forgive me the past."

"And, now that that is all right, I must be going," said Lord Dane.

"Where?" asked Mr. Lester.

"Where! why to show myself in Danesheld with my son, and to make a few more calls on friends, as I have made here, previously to holding my levee at the castle."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ORIGIN OF THE PIN-BACK DRESS.

Mrs. O'Flannigan was an Irish lady, with limited means and a good constitution. She therefore, like a sensible woman, used the latter to preserve the former by taking in washing, and soon became noted as a purifier of soiled linen.

Mrs. Judy was a widow, having buried her "dear Mike" a few days after his return from a fair with his head broken in several places. "Small loss," said the widow to herself, yet she waked him in a manner worthy of the O'Flannigans in olden times.

Now Judy lived in that "modern Babylon" called London, and it chanced one day that Madame la Mode, a noted French modiste while visiting "perfide Albion," required the services of one of her craft, and being recommended to Judy, called, and found her busy over her tubs, her ample skirt well pinned back, and her person resembling a huge clothes-pin with a sheet tied around it.

Madame was charmed; to her it seemed a novel sight, as they do things differently in la belle France. There the washerwomen are not troubled with long skirts; besides, they generally use the river as a wash tub. She immediately felt inspired with the birth of a new fashion, and, on her return to Paris, produced the dress called the "Blanchisseuse," which, meaning simply washerwoman, did not suit on this side of the water, and the one now in use was adopted in its stead.

SELFISHNESS.—We are put here to grow in goodness, and to assist others in the same growth. We should build ourselves to build others with us. He who is busy supremely and exclusively in getting himself ready for another world is a selfish man, and of all selfishness there is none more accursed than spiritual selfishness.

LABOR conquers all things. Everything that we do must have a certain amount of labor expended on it, to bring it to a state of perfection. However difficult it may appear, however impossible it may seem to be, remember, if you attack it with energy, and labor with all your might, your efforts will be crowned with success.

KATE'S FIRST TWO YEARS OF MARRIAGE.

BY AUNT MARY.

Kate Vernon had been scarcely two years wedded, when her aunt, with whom she had formerly lived, and from whose house she had married, came to spend the winter with her.

Mrs. Beverly had not been long with her niece before she saw, or thought she saw, that things were not going right with the young couple. Kate often looked as if she had been crying. Her happy expression and fresh color had disappeared. On his part, Mr. Vernon was strangely silent and moody. After the first few evenings, too, he began to absent himself.

It was on one of these occasions that the wife broached the subject that had often been on her lips since her aunt's arrival.

"I suppose I ought to apologize, aunty," she began, with some confusion.

"Apologize, my child! What for?"

"For Edward's going out and leaving us alone so much. I know you think it strange. It isn't a bit like what he used to be."

"Perhaps he has business which calls him from his home oftener than usual," returned her aunt, not wishing to acknowledge that she certainly saw that Kate's husband was not so attentive to his wife as she could wish.

"I think not, aunt. I know of no business that should make him absent himself from home so much as he has done of late; besides, he is not so loving and kindly now."

"My dear," said Mrs. Beverly, soothingly, "I have always been in the place of a mother to you. I took you from her arms when she was dying, and I did the best I could for you till you left my house, a happy bride."

"Yes, I was happy then—I was happy then!" cried Kate. "But now no one cares for me but baby."

It was a relief to her to have made her confession. She had been miserably unhappy for a long while; and now she flung herself on her aunt's bosom, and wept as if her heart would break.

Mrs. Beverly drew the poor child to her heart, and kissed her again and again.

"I have seen you have been unhappy ever since I came here," she said, after a pause. "But I have seen, also, that the cause is one easily corrected——"

"Oh, no, no!" interrupted the young wife. "Edward doesn't care for me any more. He goes out almost every evening, as he has done to-night—he who never could stay one evening away before we were married."

"Kate, my child," said her aunt, seriously, "I want you to listen to me. Don't be angry if I say things you dislike; but reflect on them, and in a day or two give me an answer. Your case is not an exceptional one. Many young married people make the mistake that both you and Edward have made, for I believe you and your husband to be equally to blame; but it is a mistake that, generally, their own good sense corrects, though not till they have suffered much. Now, I wish, as your mother, if she had lived, would have wished, to save you some part of this suffering. May I go on?"

Kate did not reply. Her face was buried in her aunt's lap, and she was sobbing hopelessly—sobbing like a child. Mrs. Beverly took the silence for consent.

"You say your husband does not love you," she continued. "You quote his going out of evenings as a proof of it. I admit the neglect." Kate winced. "But is there no cause for it? You used to be, my dear, scrupulously neat in your attire. I do not say you are now untidy. But there is a very great difference, as I plainly see, between the way in which you come down to breakfast now, and that in which you used to at my house. There, your face was always fresh, your hair nicely arranged, your collar unwrinkled, your gown spotless. Now, I grieve to say, my darling, things are very different; and what is worse than carelessness in dress even, your countenance is, sometimes, the least bit sour."

Kate, during this plain speech, had gradually ceased sobbing; and now, with her hands holding back her hair, was staring up into her excellent aunt's face, half in anger, half in astonishment and dismay.

"Sour! I didn't know it," she exclaimed. "Are you sure? Oh! it's when Edward has been scolding me."

"Scolding you, my dear? Edward don't look like a man who would scold."

"Well, he's jealous of baby; he looks at it often; and he as good as says it sometimes. He has even hinted, once or twice, that, since baby was born, I don't care as much about my—my good looks—as I used to do. That's the way of them all, I suppose—they marry us for our beauty, and when our health fails, then they blame—blame us for it."

"My child," answered Mrs. Beverly, kindly, too much in earnest to smile, as she would have done if it had been anybody else, "I think you are unfair to Edward. Certainly there is nothing in your state of health to spoil your looks. You are, or might be, far prettier than when you married. A very little more attention to your dress would render you more attractive than ever."

Kate was blushing crimson, in secret pleasure at this flattering speech. She hid her face again in Mrs. Beverly's lap. At last, as her aunt appeared to be waiting for some reply, she stammered, though without looking up:

"I cannot be always freshly dressed, now that I have to look after baby. If that is what Edward expects, he is unreasonable and cruel."

"Men are often unreasonable and cruel, my child; but that is no justification for wives being so also. It would be very easy, however, for you to be just to baby, and yet to be nicely dressed when Edward came to breakfast or returned to dinner. All husbands like their wives to look neat, but Edward is even fastidious. On the other hand, young mothers are too apt to neglect their husbands for the sake of baby. They forget that, until baby was born, their husbands were everything to them. It would be too much to expect of a man; he would have to be more than mortal, if he did not notice, and occasionally feel, the change, and sometimes think it neglect."

"But I'm sure I love Edward just as much as ever," said Kate, looking up, her large eyes dilated with surprise and a little indignation. "And it's very unjust of him to think I don't, because of baby." And she burst into tears again.

"Perhaps he is a little to blame, my dear," said her aunt, kissing her. "What I say is, that it is not so very strange he should feel hurt. Consider! Love is to be judged, like everything else, by its works. If Edward finds you no longer paying any attention to your personal appearance; if he sees that you take offence when he hints that he would like you to dress as you used to, is it absolutely cruel, or even unnatural, on his part, that he should think you hardly can love him as you used to love him? He reasons, remember, that, if you did, you would have some regard for his comfort. And further, if baby is made the excuse for this, he becomes, not exactly jealous of baby, but occasionally the least bit cross. You must not forget, darling," and she fondly stroked Kate's hair, "that I have had a husband and children myself, though heaven saw fit long ago," she added, with a sigh, "to take them."

She waited for a moment: and then, as the wife made no reply, she went on.

"I think I see how it is. I love both Edward and you. I believe I can judge fairly between you. Your husband has seen this untidiness in you—has hinted what he felt, and you have resented it. This has been, perhaps, in the morning. Instead of forgetting all about it before night, and meeting him, when he came home to dinner, with smiles, and in your nicest dress, you have been reserved, and perhaps, on purpose, just the least bit careless in your toilet. Few words have been spoken between you; the constraint has grown more and more painful; Edward has sought refuge in the newspaper; you have said you must go to baby, and have left him without the usual kiss; and then he has lost his temper, and gone out to spend the evening. When these scenes happen often, the wife becomes soured in heart, if not in looks, and things, as a natural result, go from bad to worse. A wife," continued Mrs. Beverly, "should try to look at these matters, not only from her own point of view, but also from that of her husband. There are very few questions to which there are not two sides. In so important an affair as domestic happiness, it is more desirable than ever to be right; and this we can never be if one looks at every subject of difference solely through one's own eyes. We sometimes think others selfish, when we are quite as selfish ourselves."

Much of this had its effect on Kate, who, after all, was a sensible, kind-hearted woman. She replied by pressing the speaker's hand.

"If I am right," said her aunt, "as to the origin of this misunderstanding, there is no reason why the neglect of your husband should continue longer than your coldness. Be the first to make advances. I do not say you are the most to blame; I do not ask you, on that account, to take the initiative. But it is always more womanly—nay, more Christian-like, for a wife to be the first to relent."

"What must I do?" whispered Kate, her face still hidden in her aunt's lap.

"Come down to breakfast to-morrow in your neatest dress, and with your hair nicely arranged. Do not be late, as you have been. Get up in time to have baby off your hands. Be as cheerful and pleasant to Edward as if nothing had ever happened. Let the past few weeks be ignored entirely. Meet him in the evening in your freshest attire, and have everything about the room cheerful; if you can, let there be something for dinner to show you remember his likings, and are thoughtful for his comfort and happiness. Why, my dear, it is the easiest thing for a wife to retain a husband's love. If she will only show the same interest in him that she exhibited for the lover, all will be well."

"But what of baby the meantime?" asked the young mother.

"You have the whole day, darling, to devote to baby; surely that is enough. The little fellow is a dear, sweet child; but you must not let him monopolize all your time. You must think of your health, and, yes! of your good looks, as in your health; and of your husband, and of your future happiness, which depends, in so great a degree, on your husband. Be assured, my daughter, if you will act in this way, Edward will love even baby better. Only be your old self for one week, and your truant will be won back again."

Kate took her aunt's advice. The next morning she was down before her husband; had seen that the breakfast-table was perfect in all its arrangements; and had even ordered the cook to prepare Edward's favorite dish, as a little surprise to him. Edward saw, with half-concealed astonishment, the brighter look of things; gave one quick glance at his wife, flushed with gratification, and fell at once into something of his old lover-like manner. Certainly, Kate had never seemed lovelier.

"You are as fresh-looking as a June rose, my dear," said her aunt, kissing her, when Edward had left for his office. "The battle is half won already, I see."

That evening was quite like old times. Kate welcomed her husband in the hall with a kiss. The hearth was swept up, there was a little vase of flowers on the sideboard, and Edward's favorite magazine, which had come that day, was ready cut for him. The dinner, too, was excellent. There was no going out. Part of the time was spent in cheerful talk, and part in reading aloud. The husband could not keep his eyes off his pretty wife. In the loveliest of blue dresses, and with her color heightened by many emotions, Kate looked more beautiful, he thought, than even in the days of their courtship.

What commenced so favorably, went on happily ever after. Edward, no longer finding "baby" thrust into the foreground forever, but rather kept back, began to wish for the presence of the little fellow himself occasionally. It was a happy, happy evening, when Kate heard her husband, for the first time, plead that "baby" should not always be put to bed so soon, but be allowed, sometimes, to make his appearance, for half an hour or so, after "pa" came home. That was the crowning act. After that, Kate's felicity was perfect.

"I can never thank you enough, aunt, for your advice," said Kate, kissing Mrs. Beverly enthusiastically, when the latter was leaving, at the end of her visit. "Your coming was a real blessing. How long Edward and I should have gone on, at cross-purposes, loving each other in spite of all, perhaps, but still getting more and more unhappy, I cannot tell; probably, all our lives. And if so——" And here she burst into tears, the prospect her fancy had conjured up being too much for her.

Mrs. Beverly kissed the tears away, and said, "Go on as you are going now, my dear. It is too often a wife's fault, if a husband ceases to be a lover."

RECEIPTS.

CREAM OF TARTAR rubbed upon soiled white kid gloves cleanses them well.

TO STIFFEN FINE LACE.—Dissolve a lump of white sugar in a wineglassful of cold water.

STONE-MASON'S saw-dust is infinitely better than soap for cleaning floors, and much more economical.

A MIXTURE of oil and ink is a good thing to clean kid boots with; the first softens and the last blackens them.

To waterproof fishing-lines apply a mixture of two parts boiled linseed oil and one part good size. Expose to the air and dry.

IN sudden attacks of diarrhœa, a large cup of strong, hot tea, with sugar and milk, will frequently bring the system to a healthy state.

TO TAKE GREASE FROM WALL PAPER.—Lay several folds of blotting-paper on the spot, and hold a hot iron near it till the grease is absorbed.

A TEASPOONFUL of powdered borax dissolved in a quart of tepid water is good for cleaning old black dresses of silk, cashmere, or alpaca.

INK may be taken out of a carpet by a little dissolved oxalic acid or salt of sorrel rubbed on with flannel, and afterwards washed off with cold water; then rub on some hartshorn.

To make lime whitewash that will not rub off, take one half-bushel of unslaked lime, one gallon of salt, two pounds of tallow, and water enough to make of a consistence to brush on.

IT is said that silk which has become wrinkled may be made to appear like new by sponging the surface with a weak solution of gum arabic or white glue, and ironing on the wrong side.

WAX FLOWERS, if left out in the drizzling rain, will be thoroughly cleaned in a short time, and will look wonderfully refreshed and thankful. The handwriting of a thousand house flies may be obliterated in this simple manner.

THE removal of foreign substances from the ear may often be accomplished by doubling a horse-hair in the form of a loop, placing the patient upon the side, passing the loop into the ear as far as it will go, and then turning it gently.

LINSEED POULTICE.—Stir linseed flour into boiling water, in sufficient quantity to form a poultice of proper consistency, and before application smear the surface with a little olive or linseed oil. If irritation, with great pain and tenderness, or hardness, should prevail, it will be necessary to substitute a decoction of poppy heads for the common water. This poultice is in general use in all the hospitals.

NEVER paper a wall over old paper and paste. Always scrape down thoroughly. Old paper can be got off by dampening with saleratus and water. Then go over all the cracks of the wall with plaster of paris, and finally put on a wash of a weak solution of carbonic acid. The best paste is made out of rye flour, with two ounces of glue dissolved in each quart of paste. Half an ounce of powdered borax improves the mixture.

ITEMS of INTEREST.

THE bronze statue of Stonewall Jackson presented to the State of Virginia by a number of Englishmen, and to be erected in Richmond, has arrived in Baltimore. It cost forty thousand dollars.——The Ohio river is bridged eight times below Pittsburg, at a cost of sixteen million dollars.——America is ahead of the world in the manufacture of axes, and the American shape is being adopted everywhere.——An Englishman who recently appropriated another man's umbrella on a rainy day has been sentenced to three month's imprisonment by a London magistrate.——The nuns of the Good Shepherd Convent at Quebec have introduced printing presses into their establishment to teach the reclaimed inmates a means of earning their livelihood.——The factory women in England have inaugurated a movement in favor of the appointment of female overseers in factories, and against legislative restrictions upon the labor of women.——It is no easy matter to get admission to the Oneida Community. In the first place no person is admitted to the order unless a good sum of money is pledged on the start, and then again every gentleman who applies must be acceptable to every lady who belongs, and every lady who desires to unite must be approved by all the men belonging at the time.——It is announced that the Supreme Court of West Virginia has declared legal and constitutional the legislative act transferring the State capital to Wheeling.——It is pretty well decided now that, instead of an insurance of three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, the late ex-President Johnson had none whatever on his life.——Married women are not permitted to teach school in Buffalo.——Several small pieces of ordnance were brought up from the bed of the Appomattox river recently by a dredging machine. They are the smallest kind of caronades. They have, no doubt, been there since the day when Lafayette, from his position in Pocahontas, shelled the enemy who occupied Yorktown.——A sweet potato plantation of seven hundred acres in Atlanta, Georgia, is expected to yield forty thousand bushels of the favorite edible.——An Odd Fellows' asylum is to be built by the brethren of Jacksonville, Fla., for the benefit of those in the Order who seek the State for their health.

To Owners of Horses.

NO ONE WHO HAS EVER USED DR. Tobias' Horse Venetian Liniment will ever be without it. It is a certain cure for Colic, Sore Throat, Cuts, Bruises, Old Sores. Warranted superior to any other; in pint bottles, at One Dollar. Sold by the druggists. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York.

A Harmless

And most delightful toilet preparation for beautifying the complexion and preserving the skin is Laird's "Bloom of Youth." Genuine prepared only by George W. Laird. It is perfectly simple and pure, and warranted free from any material detrimental to health. It is far superior to the old fashion beautifiers, such as powders, chalk, meen fun, etc., etc., for imparting youth and beauty to the skin. The "Bloom of Youth" is preferable to any other preparation offered for the same purpose. Sold at all druggists and fancy goods stores.

Depot, 5 Gold Street, New York. Price 75 cents.

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
FOUNDED AUG 4TH A.D. 1821

Saturday Evening, Oct. 9, 1875.

NEXT WEEK!

PRAIRIE PRINCE,
THE BOY OUTLAW;
OR,
TRAILED TO HIS DOOM.

We have the pleasure to announce that next week we shall commence the above story from the pen of the Hon. Wm. F. Cody, better known as "Buffalo Bill." This is his latest production, and he tells us he considers it by far "the best story he has ever written." We think so, too, and feel confident that our readers will agree with us. We only ask them to read the opening chapters, which will appear next week.

THE FORCE OF ASSOCIATION.

It is something quite wonderful—the tenacity with which memory clings to the deeds of vanished days. There is, somehow, a strange fascination in looking back. The subtle charm of association—who has not felt it? Who has not, amid the rush and bustle of active life, been caught up suddenly and borne backward by some simple word or tone, to the old sweet days of untroubled calm in the beautiful realm of Long Ago? It were no marvel that great events, standing like milestones on life's dusty highway, should make indelible impressions on the plastic mind; but the wonder is that the little bubbles which we scarcely notice as we pass, should, through the wonderful lens of years be so magnified and immortalized. There is a rare beneficence, too, in this power of association; we get a great deal more of sweetness out of life. It is often debated which is the most enjoyable—the anticipation of a pleasure, or its realization. Is not the power of recall, mellowed and hallowed by the lapse of time, more potent than either? We think so. As the tiny ball of snow which, rolled through yielding fields, at length becomes a beautiful monument of crystal purity, so human life is continually gathering new sweetness from the rolling years. It is this power of accumulation that makes some lives so rich and full—so beautifully rounded into perfection.

It is not that there are no unpleasant associations in the past, but that they are purified and made beautiful by the light of departing years. Time, we know, is a wonderful alchemist; he touches what to us was unlovely and disagreeable, and, lo! the ugly layers are peeled away, and we behold the sweet shining of the hidden gem. It is this that gives the past its sanctifying sweetness. Perhaps we never fully realize the perfect fulness of any present enjoyment; but when the years have slipped between, and some chance thought brings back the vanished voice and the tender touch, ah! how the heart throbs, and the pulses thrill in the sweet remembrance.

Perhaps we are none of us fully conscious how closely we are enveloped in this network of associations—how the past overlaps the present, reaching into the long, uncertain future. We are continually surprised by some new veins of thought, that strike into our lives like the sweet refrain of some old, half-forgotten song. Who has not come some time in his quiet reading upon some old familiar passage, and remembered, with a sudden heart-throb, *somebody* who read it with him, and whose tender intonation gave it a richer and deeper meaning, in one of those dear, dead days that haunt us so with their lingering sweetness. How some faint scent in the summer air—some sunset dying in crimson splendor—some soft moonlight lighting the winding river, or even the light ripple of the languorous wind, will bring back once more "the tender grace of a day that is dead!" How some slight snatch of simple song will bring back again the voice that hath sung the songs of the redeemed this many and many a year. Ah, these beautiful souvenirs of half-forgotten days!—these tender mementoes of the loved of earth and heaven!—are they not richer and dearer to us than all the costly baubles which pass current for them?

CHARACTER.

What is character? It is the moral mark by which we distinguish one man from another. A man's character lies within him. It is true his reputation may, nay, does depend upon public opinion, but the formation of his character depends upon himself.

Youth, therefore, is the proper period for the formation of one's character. Maturity simply perfects and adds to it that stability, which, if it be a good character he has formed, he cannot but command a good reputation; whereas, a man may possess a good reputation, when, in reality, he has a bad character; or in other words, our character is our moral standard, our reputation the world's. As it is principally our morality that affects both the hereafter of ourselves and that of our fellow-beings, too much care cannot be bestowed upon the formation of so important an essential.

Then boys—and not only the boys, but the girls—remember that as the success of almost every enterprise depends on the degree to which those engaged upon it tax their powers, so the successful formation depends upon the degree or the amount of exertion to which those forming it, tax their powers and energies; and he who exerts himself the strongest, he it is who will eventually possess the best character, and it is of a surety well worth the striving; for as a great writer truthfully remarks, "Our reputation is what men and women think of us; our character what God and angels know of us."

BROKEN RHYTHM.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

My oars keep time to half a rhyme
That slips and slides away from me;
Across my mind, like idle wind,
A lost thought beateth lazily.

A dream afloat, my little boat
And I alone strai out to sea.
One Vanished Year, O, Lost and Dear,
You rowed the little boat for me.

Ah! who can sing of anything
With none to listen lovingly?
Or who can time the years to rhyme,
When left to row alone to sea?

SATURDAY EVENING SKETCHES.

NUMBER TWENTY-TWO.

BY HESTER A. BENEDICT.

"Where have we seen that face before?"

I was looking in Harry's eyes, and Harry was looking in mine; and we said the words in unison—just as we used to say our geography lessons, standing before the long benches in the "district school down east."

But neither of us could answer—then.

Meanwhile, the "face," with its fine, familiar eyes, its winsome, tender mouth, and its frame of soft, luxuriant, but snow-white hair was turned from us, and pressed wearily against the window pane beside which, they said, its owner sat the long days through, and would have sat through all the nights if they had not forced her off to bed.

She was evidently looking for some one.

When Harry and I and the kind matron first entered that "Department of the Incurables," she had turned and looked at us eagerly, searchingly. For a moment the old, sweet light of reason flashed from her eyes, or seemed to—and her lips parted as if some word of greeting waited there for——

Surely not for us.

She saw that, too, and turned away.

"That's the way she always does, poor thing," the matron said, in a half whisper. "She starts up in just that quick, nervous way whenever a stranger comes in, looks at him a moment, quite intelligently, just as she did at you, then turns away with the sorrowful, disappointed look—that perhaps you did not notice in her eyes and over all her face."

"Has she been here long?" I asked.

"Three years. And in all that time no word has ever passed her lips. She might as well be deaf and dumb, for all use she puts her senses to. Indeed, I doubt if she might not as well be wholly dead. But I have taken a good deal of interest in her case. She is always gentle and sweet, and that can be said of few of our patients."

"Do you know anything of her history? her name?"

"Nothing of her history. Her name is Edna Clare."

"Edna Clare!" repeated Harry, stroking his beard in a meditative way. "I've heard that name, and I've seen that face, *somewhere*. Can't you remember where, Jane?"

When Harry calls me "Jane," I know he is in a very serious mood, and I do my best to please him. I did my best then—racking my head, and, even my heart, a little, trying to remember where, and under what circumstances, that poor crazed girl had crossed our path, or we her's; but it was all in vain. Her face was not wholly strange, neither was her name. That was all. And I shook my head accordingly.

"Oh, I have it, Jenny" (how good the pet name sounded). "You remember our last season at White Sulphur our last night of the season? Edna Clare was belle of the ball that night."

Then it all came back to me.

I saw again the lights; the flowers; the knightly gallants and the blue-blooded beauties, queen of whom, and wearing her power right royally, was the beautiful Edna Clare! I saw the shimmer of the pearls she wore; saw her flushed cheeks and her shining eyes; saw her faultless figure gliding, sylph-like, here and there through the changes of the dance; saw the eyes of envious women and admiring men follow her every move, and then—I could see no more, for Harry was wiping away my tears and saying:

"There, child, don't!" as if I were not a grown-up woman, with an indisputable right to cry if I felt like it.

"But it's too bad," I moaned. "Oh, Hal, it's too, *too* bad!"

"Yes, yes; I know. But let us speak to her. Perhaps she will remember—*something* of that night."

"Do you mean some *particular* thing, Harry?"

"Yes; wait a moment."

He crossed over to the figure at the window, laid his hand, half-caressingly, on its crown of whitened hair, and commenced singing, in his fine, clear baritone:

"Oh, hast thou forgotten how soon we must sever?
Oh, hast thou forgotten how soon we must part?
It may be for years, and it may be forever;
Then why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?"

She had looked up quickly, and in a surprised way, when he first struck out abruptly into the sad heart of the song—then turned her face away. But we could see her shivering like a leaf in the wind; and as Harry repeated

"It may be for years, and it may be forever,"

she fell into a passion of sobbing that startled even the wild birds just without, startled them so that they grew quite still, and bent their heads to listen.

"Hush, Edna, *mabelle*," Harry said, softly, when the storm was exhausting itself in heavy, long-drawn sighs. "Hush, and sing for me as you sung for Roland Phelps,

"The last rose of Summer,
Left blooming alone."

Such a face as she lifted up to his!

Every vestige of color had left it. The scared look had gone out of her eyes, and in its stead had come one of infinite tenderness. Her lips moved spasmodically, as if speech essayed to struggle through, and her thin, but marvellously beautiful hands, struck swiftly back to palm—close over her innocent heart, well-nigh crushing, so it seemed, both them and it in their strong convulsive agony.

"I can't, I can't," she whispered. "Don't ask me."

"But you remember, don't you? You remember Roland, Edna?"

She only bent her young-old head a little, then covered her face with her hands, trembling to her small, sad feet.

"You should not be here for love of Roland," Harry said, in a half reproving tone. "He is not worth one thought of your's. He never has been—never will be. And the great world wants you, Edna."

She lifted her face, tossing her hair back angrily. The wild, maniac look was in her eyes again.

"Don't tell me that, monsieur. Don't dare to tell me that," she said, sharply. "Roland is my darling, my darling. *He* is true as truth; and he will come *to-morrow*."

A moment, and her face was against the window where she had kept her watch during three long weary years, and despite our united endeavors, she would not speak another word, nor even look our way.

Harry told me afterward, how he had seen the lovers together after the dance was over that night at Sulphur Springs; how he had heard Roland—whom he knew to be an accomplished villain—singing to her—his fingers threading her chestnut curls—that old sweet ballad of Mavourneen; and how he had pitied her at the time, and wholly forgotten her afterward in the whirl and rush of the work-day world.

But it seemed to me I knew her story—all of it. It seemed to me now I could write it all out for you—all of it that could be written. The young heart given wholly; the trust; the worship; the hope deferred; the watching and the waiting; the sickening sense of desertion; the delicate nerves—strained so long and hard — breaking down at last. And then——

Well—well! No need is there to dwell upon any or all of these, nor upon the death-in-life that bound the poor girl there in the ward of the incurables.

All that we can do is to hope that, somewhere, justice will be meted to him and to her, and that sometime she will awaken with

"The silver lost from her shining hair
And the sorrow washed from her soul away."

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

NAPOLEON II.

At eight o'clock in the morning of March the 20th, 1811, the discharge of cannon announced to the people of Paris that an heir was born to the Emperor Napoleon. The Emperor was then at the summit of his power and glory, and nothing seemed wanting to his happiness but an heir to the throne. Napoleon himself announced the tidings to the crowd of courtiers in the palace, exclaiming, with joy and triumph in his countenance, "It is a King of Rome!"

Most of the Powers of Europe sent congratulations to him. Paris presented to the new King a cradle of crimson enamel, in the form of a boat, surrounded with allegorical figures, and covered with the richest ornaments.

Three years and nine days had elapsed. The disastrous campaign of Russia, and the invasion of France by the Allies, had completed the ruin of the Emperor, and word was brought to the Empress Marie Louise that the enemy was approaching Paris. She left the capital with her infant son, never to enter it again; and never again did Napoleon see his wife or child. At Blois, where she remained some time, the news reached her that Napoleon had abdicated, and was thenceforth to content himself with the sovereignty of Elba. A few days after, she proceeded to Vienna, the capital of her ancestors. She was allowed to retain the title of Empress, and three Italian duchies were assigned to her for her future possession and maintenance.

On Napoleon's return from Elba, he at once demanded his wife and son from the Emperor of Austria; but his letters were not answered, and, soon, his defeat at Waterloo, and his surrender into the hands of the English, separated the family for ever. There were some attempts to claim the vacant throne of France for Napoleon's son; but the allied sovereigns decided to restore the family of Bourbon, and gave the throne to Louis XVIII. Marie Louise entered into the possession of the States assigned her, and left her son at Vienna under the care of his grandfather, the Emperor of Austria.

There was long a belief current in Europe that the son of Napoleon was illused at the Austrian Court to such an extent as to cause his premature death. Nothing could be further from the truth. The Emperor, Francis I, an amiable old man, became extravagantly fond of him; and besides adopting him as an Austrian prince, with the title of Duke de Reichstadt, he gave him the best education possible in the circumstances. A touching conversation is related between the Emperor and the Prince. One day, while the boy was seated upon his grandfather's lap, he asked him:

"Grandfather, is it not true that when I lived at Paris I had pages?"

"Yes," replied the Emperor; "I believe you had pages."

"Is it not true, also," said the boy, "that they called me the King of Rome?"

"Yes," said the Emperor.

"But, grandfather, what is it, then, to be King of Rome?"

"My child," said the puzzled monarch, "when you are older it will be easier for me to explain what you ask; but, for the present, I shall only say, that to my title of Emperor of Austria I join that of King of Jerusalem, without exercising any authority in that city. Very well; you were King of Rome just as I am King of Jerusalem."

The Prince was educated by private tutors in the course prescribed by the University of Vienna. He was a boy of excellent understanding, fond of his studies, and exceedingly diligent. Until he was fifteen years of age, he was allowed to learn nothing of the exploits of his father; but, at that period, the system was changed, and he was allowed to read freely all the important works relating to the French Revolution and the career of Napoleon. These works he read with passionate interest, and conversed upon them with great ardor.

Once he had the pleasure of a visit from Marshal Marmont, who had fought so often at Napoleon's side. Every day for three months, from eleven o'clock until two, the Marshal was allowed to converse with the Prince, whose eyes, it is said, beamed with intelligence as the old soldier related the Emperor's wonderful deeds.

When the Revolution of 1830 broke out, serious endeavors were made to induce the Austrian Government to permit the Duke de Reichstadt to show himself in France and mount the Imperial throne. Talleyrand went on a secret mission to Vienna to bring about this result, but he was given to understand, in language that admitted of no mistake, that Austria would never allow a son of Napoleon to reign in France.

According to the usage of the Imperial family of Austria, the Prince was trained to arms. At seventeen he was a captain of infantry; at nineteen, he was major; and at twenty, a lieutenant-colonel, with the command of a battalion.

In his twentieth year, his health began to fail. His throat became sore if he caught cold, and he was subject to a short, dry cough, which led at length to blood-spitting. His physicians strongly and repeatedly advised him to refrain from exercising his regiment in damp and rainy weather; but, such was his passion for the military art, that it required a formal order of the Emperor to induce him to follow their advice. Two months of entire repose appeared to restore him, and he begged his grandfather to allow him to resume command of his battalion. In a moment of fondness, the Emperor consented. During the rainy season of the spring, he was always present on the parade-ground, and soon his cough returned, and all his old symptoms reappeared. Like his father, he held doctors in horror, and he was deaf to all their warnings.

After an evening ride, in an open carriage, he had a violent discharge of blood from the lungs, which prostrated his strength. He was taken home, and in a few days rallied a little from this extreme prostration, and it was proposed to send him to Italy. But it was too late. He grew rapidly worse, and died on the 22d of July, 1832, aged twenty-one years, four months, and two days. The room in which he breathed his last was the one in which his father had dictated a peace to Austria after a triumphant campaign. A post mortem examination showed that his lungs, originally weak, were diseased to such an extent, that nothing could have prolonged his life. He was doomed from his birth to die of consumption soon after attaining manhood. He was buried in all respects as an Austrian prince. A magnificent funeral *cortege* accompanied his body to the tomb of the Imperial family.

If he had lived and had inherited but a tithe of his father's genius and energy, it is extremely probable that he would have reigned over France. The mere fact of his existence would have been a continual incitement to revolution. If a nephew of Napoleon's was so warmly welcomed by two-thirds of the French people, what a spell would the son of the Emperor have conjured up! Once across the frontiers, he must have been borne in triumph to the Tuileries.

INTELLECTUAL AMUSEMENT.

The question is often asked, "Is amusement a profitable and proper thing for rational beings to indulge in; or is it indeed a void and empty waste?" We do not deny that from a high supersensual region of philosophy, *l'art de s'amuser* (the art of amusing one-self) appears a very contemptible art; but viewed from the lower level of practical philosophy, this same *art de s'amuser* no longer seems despicable, and strikes the observer as a matter of importance, and as one worthy to engage his best attention. It is from this region of practical philosophy that we are considering the subject of amusement at present.

An allegory is an old-fashioned form of illustration, but we are not aware that it is any the worse for that; and we will venture to offer a species of trifling allegorette to the reader, that he may thereby apprehend our meaning the better. In the earliest ages Labor was recognized as a deity; and civilized men in all succeeding times have agreed in saying, "Labor is divine." The goddess Labor had two sisters, younger, and, as many think, fairer than herself. The eldest of these was Sleep, that with folded hands and sealed lids, reclining between the wings of Night, was borne ever after the steady steps of Labor. The youngest was Amusement, who was brought up in the household of Venus, where she was tutored by the Graces, and became the favorite companion of Cupid. She was beautiful, bright, and amiable, as became a nymph so tutored. She was sent upon earth to interpose between her two sisters. It is her duty, by gracious smiles and animated gestures, to remind mortals that they have within them a spirit which needs more than alternate toil and rest for its development and gratification; a spirit that would fain *rejoice*. This fair goddess shows clearly, to all those who can understand her teachings, a world beyond the present, where the spiritual appetite for celestial joy shall be thoroughly gratified. In plain English, allegory and metaphor apart, what we mean by the word amusement is no "void and empty waste," occupying the intervals of serious labor; it is time profitably as well as pleasantly spent.

True, labor is indeed *divine;* but amusement is divine also. The heroes and great workers of the world deserve not more gratitude and honor than do its amusers. We are all so easily duped by high-sounding names and lofty pretentions, and so apt to believe that want of pretention is want of sterling worth, that it is well to consider sometimes the claims of those who seem to have no higher claim than to fill up agreeably the intervals of actual business. Poets, literary men, musicians, painters, sculptors, actors, artists of every kind, and of many grades, these are they who fill up the intervals of labor among the cultivated classes; these are they who furnish amusement to the world, and whose business it is to spread and popularize truth and beauty.

Perhaps the most numerous and most powerful classes of amusers at the present day are the novelists and writers of fiction on the one hand, and the newspaper and magazine essayists on the other. The demand for fictitious literature, for what are called *novels*, is greater now than it ever was, and the supply is adequate to the demand as regards quantity and quality. An average novel of the present day, historic, domestic, or philosophic, is far superior to an average novel of thirty years ago. In fact, fictitious literature has become an important element in the daily life of a great portion of the middle and higher classes. What newspapers are to busy practical men, novels are to idlers and poetic speculators; what newspapers are to men in general, novels are to women in general. The amount of talent expended on a single novel, newspaper, review, or magazine, is highly creditable to both writers and readers of such objects of interest or amusement. Some people may say, "What a pity that so much wit and wisdom, so much poetic and philosophic eloquence, should be frittered away in novels, and newspapers, and magazines!" Indeed, this is, at a first glance, a very natural thought; but a little deeper acquaintance with the nature of the age would show us that it is not a wise observation. The regret implied in it is unavailing; nor is it desirable that it should be otherwise. It is unavailing, because it cannot restrain the daily, weekly, monthly outpourings of the national mind, through the thousand channels that the press has made for it, nor force the flood through one or two grand canals, into any mental Moeris Lake, however vast or wonderful in structure, whence the whole population might fetch water at their need. Such a system of irrigation might have a more imposing effect upon the theoretic looker-on, but could not be attended with the same beneficial results to the people, as the present system of watering the whole country by means of innumerable literary dikes and canallettes, trenches and pipes, so that each man may set one of these flowing through his own little plot of mental ground. We need not fear that this great water privilege will fail us, in consequence of the present lavish use of it. It is in the nature of things spiritual to gain power by action, to increase by expenditure. Let our daily and weekly writers be as clever, as profound, as subtle, and as penetrating in intelligence as they may; let us call forth all their powers, and use them fully; there is no fear that we shall exhaust the resources of the human mind, and come to a dead stop! We do wonders in the way of intellectual exertion for amusement's sake, just now, certainly; but the national intelligence is not nearly "used up" yet, and the greater part of us may go on reading or writing in perfect security. There is an inexhaustible fund of knowledge and beauty as yet untouched by popular hands, which must be made familiar to every one.

MUSICAL EDUCATION IN OUR SCHOOLS.

How is this great power of music to be controlled and brought to bear most directly, most efficiently, on our people? That nation is the best educated in which knowledge is most diffused, in which the results of learning are within the grasp of the greatest number. Only so far as any art or science becomes a part of popular education can that art or science become a power, an influence, in a land. Of the growing desire among our people for a higher education we have many signs in the frequency of festivals and choral unions and the number of musical associations. We Americans are a conglomerate race, made up of the best of every people under the sun, so transfused that the origin of even a single family can scarcely be traced without an element of Celtic or Teutonic race discovering itself. Perhaps this is the source of the musical taste so widely spread among us as a people. We say taste, not culture; we are not yet a cultivated people in any true sense. As a national characteristic, to be song and music lovers belongs to the Irish and German races rather than to the Saxon. It is rare to find a German or an Irish girl without an ear for music. In our Western States and centres of population the Germans instinctively gather, in remembrance of the fatherland, into Sangvereins, preserving the songs and musical traditions of the old land, while they welcome gladly anything fresh and worthy from the new. The marvelous achievements of the school festivals in the Music Hall in Boston are largely due to the fine voices, the quick perception, of the Irish, either by birth or descent, who constitute a majority of the pupils in our public schools.

No one thing has done more for music in the past twenty years than its introduction as an integral part of our common school education. In the large cities and suburban towns little seems left to desire in that direction. From the time children at the age of five enter the primary school till at the age of sixteen or eighteen they graduate from the high or normal school, music is as much a part of their training as the multiplication-table and spelling-book. The next generation will see what we foresee, and reap the harvest this generation is so wisely sowing.

If, as we contend, music is in itself purifying and elevating, if it can displace and crowd out baser pleasures by giving innocent recreation and excitement to a people that must be amused, a people who must be busy for good or for evil, we cannot have too much of it. It cannot enter too largely or too deeply into the system of common school education.—ELLIS GRAY, in *Harper's Magazine for October*.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN AND HIS FATHER.

Andersen said that his life was like a beautiful fairy tale, and he was undoubtedly as happy a man as has lived. His success was so great and so precisely adapted to his desires and temperament that he tasted it all the way down, as his world-wide diocese of young folks would have said. His father was a kind and tender soul, who had such strong poetic susceptibilities himself that he filled his boy's mind and life with gentle fancies, and preferred to tell him fairy tales, and take him, when he could, to the theatre—a delight to which his slender purse was seldom equal—rather than to insist upon tasks and studies. The child is father of the man, and in this instance the man, also, in the same sense, was father of the child. The father was a shoemaker, and his son says that he was not happy in his trade, as the son certainly would not have been. The glimpse that we get of the intercourse and relation of the parent and child is very pleasing, and is just what the poet would have thought the proper relation. And since Heaven sends such children as it will, and not such as parents might choose, it is easy to imagine the intense delight of the elder Andersen in finding that his own secret dreams and shy fancies were shared by the younger, and that when he had done stitching and stretching and hammering in the shop, he could stroll boundlessly in fairyland with his child. How strangely the picture of the boy Andersen and his father contrasts with that of John Stuart Mill and his father! All that either had was left out of the childhood of the other; and the impression of Andersen's whole life is as sunny and smiling and happy as that of Mill's is sober and almost sad.—*Harper's Magazine for October*.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST has just entered its 55th volume, being the oldest literary paper in the country. Others almost without number have come and gone, while the POST has kept "on the even tenor of its way," and now presents a brilliant array of writers engaged for its columns the coming year. If you want a good story paper, try the POST for a year.—*Literary Reporter*, Quincy, Michigan, Sept., 1875.

PERSONALITIES.

GENERAL MCCLELLAN has returned from Europe.

JOHN G. WHITTIER, although 67 years of age, is still as lithe and erect as an Arab chieftain.

DR. MARY WALKER is at Salt Lake City, but she wants it understood that she wouldn't marry old Brigham Young if he had a diamond nose and ears of gold.

MESSRS. MOODY AND SANKEY, by invitation of the Young Men's Christian Association of Baltimore, will hold a series of meetings in that city, commencing this month.

BASS, the "bitter beer" man of England, employs 40,000 persons in his business, and pays the Midland Railroad Company $985,000 per annum for the single item of freightage.

THE construction of the new National Opera House, on the Thames embankment, has commenced. Madame Titiens laid the first brick, and the Prince of Wales will assist in laying the corner-stone.

MISS LOUISA ALCOTT, author of "Little Women," for the last year or two has devoted herself very much to copying Turner's pictures, and many of her copies have been sold in Boston and its neighborhood.

EX-QUEEN ISABELLA continues to reside at Trouville, France, with her three daughters. They all ride out daily in a carriage drawn by two horses and surmounted by the French and Spanish flags waving side by side.

THE Marquis of Lorne has in press a narrative poem of more than 3,000 lines, called "Guido and Lita: A Tale of the Riviera." It is founded on an incident in one of the many Saracen inroads which harassed the coast of Provence in the tenth century.

MADAME LUCCA is contemplating one more tour through Germany, in order to sing at various places, and afterwards she will retire into private life. For her German tour she has concluded to contract with the *impressario* Marelli, who has guaranteed her one hundred and fifty pounds sterling for every performance in which she takes part.

MR. W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, the publisher, and his son, Henry Clay Demorest, President of the Freshman class at Cornell, have just returned from a trip to Europe, which included Germany, Switzerland, and the principal continental watering-places. Mr. Demorest ascended Mount Rigi, on the top of which he was astonished to find magnificent hotels, very different from the Tip Top House at Mount Washington.

MME. ADELINA PATTI is now seeking repose at Dieppe after the fatigues of her London season. While in London she sang in eight concerts, twenty-one operas, accepted forty invitations to dinner, and assisted at twenty-five balls. It is said that her faculty for study has so greatly increased that she finds it possible to learn in a few weeks a *role* which others blunder over for months. She already knows thirty-four operas from beginning to end. When she is studying, her habit is not to sing aloud the *role* which she wishes to learn. She either reads or hums it. Even her accompanist often cannot hear her voice on these occasions. It is the same at rehearsals. Only at the last grand general rehearsal does she condescend to sing with her full voice.

CENTENNIAL NEWS.

THE number of American exhibitors at Vienna was 922, of which Pennsylvania had 55, Louisiana 64, Ohio 91, Massachusetts 97, New York 252; the other States in the Union were considerably below these.

NEVADA.—It is gratifying to learn that some of the Western States and Territories are adopting measures to secure a proper representation at the great Exhibition. Nevada is going to erect in the mechanical department of the Exhibition a quartz mill, to illustrate the process of reducing ores.

MICHIGAN WOODS FOR THE CENTENNIAL.—The Centennial committee have invited the Agricultural College to occupy some space in the Michigan collection. Prof. Beal has already commenced the collection of the varieties of wood in that State, and will make a show of cabinet specimens. Prof. Bussey is doing the same work in Iowa, and if the different States are thus represented, this will make a pleasing feature of the Exposition.

CALIFORNIA will exhibit a monster grape-vine at the Centennial to serve as a centre-piece of a pavilion, wherein will be displayed all the varieties of California grapes, and also to show the wonderful size to which vines are capable of being grown. The main stem of this vine is fourteen inches in diameter, the branches six or seven inches thick, and over ninety feet long. It is not a thing to be sneezed at with impunity, and its presence in the Exhibition will be a great curiosity.

JOHN SARTAIN, the celebrated engraver of Philadelphia, has been appointed chief of the fine art department of the Centennial Exhibition by Gen. Goshorn, and the selection has been endorsed and confirmed by the executive committee of the Commission. Mr. Sartain's long experience in matters of art and ample acquaintance with the artists of this and other countries will enable him to fill the post in such a manner as to add to the significance and completeness of this important branch of the great patriotic movement.

CARS FOR THE CENTENNIAL YEAR.—The Cumberland Valley Railroad Company are about having constructed a number of passenger cars, in which seats will be numbered, and overhead there will be a receptacle provided with lock and key for the baggage of the seat-holder. The excursionist buys a ticket, and with it he receives a key with a check attached, and on the check he finds a number stamped corresponding with the number of the seat to which he is entitled. He will find the key to unlock the closet over his seat, but not the closet over any other seat. When he reaches Philadelphia he can lock up as much baggage as he chooses and sally forth. The train will be run upon a siding convenient to the Centennial grounds. At any time the excursionist desires, he can walk over to the train, unlock his closet and take out or put in anything he chooses. He may even put his lunch there. At night on the way home the check and key are taken up with the return ticket.

PRINCE GANDES.

BY F. S. MILLS.

There was once a Prince named Gandes, who was so rich that when he went out he was obliged to ride with a guard, lest he should be snapped up and married by Princesses from foreign kingdoms. Now in the kingdom of this Prince lived two fair sisters, called Myrtle and Violet, in an old castle by the sea; and they were so beautiful that the castle was always full of their lovers, but the sisters would listen to none of them.

One day, word came to these sisters that Prince Gandes was coming to see them. The sisters were in a great flutter. They ran to the chest to get out all their most beautiful dresses.

"I will wear white," said Violet.

"And I will wear purple," said Myrtle.

So they put on their handsome dresses, and sat up in their tower watching for the Prince. By and by they saw a great cloud of dust coming, and knew that he was near at hand. Soon they could see a splendid coach in the midst; and presently the coach stopped at their door, and the Prince got out.

He was old, fat, and red-haired, with the worst walk and the harshest voice in the world.

"You may have him, sister," said Violet. "If he were twenty times a Prince I would not marry him."

Myrtle tossed her head, and went forward to welcome the Prince.

The Prince got out of his carriage, and wiped his feet on the satin trail of her robe.

"And why did you not provide me with a better foot-mat?" he said, roughly.

Myrtle was naturally very angry, but she pretended to be quite pleased; and taking the Prince's hands, she led him into the hall, when the Prince stretched himself on the handsomest sofa, and ordered her to stand and fan him.

Myrtle, who was determined to marry the Prince, no matter how odious he was, took no notice of this rudeness, but did as she was bid. But Violet, who could not bear to see it, went out of the castle, and sat down by the sea-shore.

There she saw the sea-fairies, and heard them laugh, and say among themselves,

"Myrtle, who thinks herself more beautiful than any fairy, is going to marry the great Prince Gandes."

This made Violet more uneasy; and sitting by the shore, she began to weep; and a young man, seeing her, rode up to ask what was the matter.

"Oh, sir!" cried Violet, "my sister is determined to marry Prince Gandes, and he is the most hideous, vulgar monster that the world ever saw; and yet I know that nothing that I can say can keep her from it."

"That is very sad," answered the young man, getting off his horse to talk to Violet.

And he talked so delightfully that Violet sat there till dark, and thought it was only half an hour.

"Will you come here to-morrow?" asked the young man.

"Yes," said Violet; and ran home as fast as she could.

Just as she got there, Myrtle's fairy godmother came in at the gate, and, scowling at Violet, went to find Myrtle.

"Godmother, I am to marry Prince Gandes to-morrow," cried Myrtle, as soon as she saw her.

"You think that you are," answered the godmother, "but the real Prince spent all the day with Violet on the sea-shore, and she is to meet him to-morrow. The man you have here is the meanest of his servants, whom the Prince sent here to see if you cared for him or for his title."

On hearing this, Myrtle flew into a violent rage; but her godmother stopped her.

"Go to the sea-shore to-morrow," she said, "and tell the young man whom you will meet there that Violet means to marry the Prince, and cannot come; and leave the rest to me."

Accordingly, Myrtle went early the next day to the sea-shore, and seeing the real Prince, told him what her godmother had said. The Prince thought this very strange, but said nothing.

By and by he asked her,

"How does it happen that yesterday you were to marry the Prince, and to-day it is Violet?"

"I have changed my mind," said Myrtle; but she blushed so red that he was sure something was wrong.

So after he had said good-bye, he followed her home, and at the gate her godmother met her.

"Well, how did you fare with the real Prince to-day?" she asked.

"He is very stupid," said Myrtle, pouting. "But what have you done with Violet?"

"Kept her asleep all day. She has just woke up. Look where she runs to the sea-shore."

Then Myrtle laughed. But the Prince turned his horse and rode back to the shore, and there he found Violet wringing her hands, and saying,

"I have slept all day; now he is gone."

"No, he is here," cried the real Prince.

And taking her on his horse, he carried her to Court.

So Violet married Prince Gandes; but Myrtle was too much ashamed to show her head at Court, because she would have married a servant, thinking him a King.

NEVER FEAR! THINGS WILL RIGHT THEMSELVES.

"Isn't it awful!" said the Poker.

"It makes my legs shake!" said the Tongs.

"It quite unfits me for my duties; I am not equal to a single scrape," said the Shovel.

"What's the matter?" asked the Fender.

"The pot, sir—the pot; don't you hear the fuss it's making? And just look at the lid, how it wobbles up and down!" they answered, in a breath.

"All right; let it fuss and wobble till it's tired," said the Fender.

"But it will boil over—it will, indeed!" they cried, in great agitation.

"Well," said the Fender, "let it boil over, it will get rid of the *scum* that way, and the wholesome part will boil on peacefully enough when it's left to itself."

AT PARTING.

BY A. C. SWINBURNE.

For a day and a night, Love sang to us, played with us,
Folded us round from the dark and the light;
And our hearts were fulfilled of the music he made with us,
Made with our hearts and our lips while he stayed with us,
Stayed in mid passage his pinions from flight
For a day and a night.

From his foes that kept watch with his wings had he hidden us,
Covered us close from the eyes that would smite,
From the feet that had tracked and the tongues that had chidden us,
Sheltering in shade of the myrtles forbidden us,
Spirit and flesh growing one with delight
For a day and a night.

But his wings will not rest and his feet will not stay for us,
Morning is here in the joy of its might;
With his breath has he sweetened a night and a day for us;
Now let him pass, and the myrtles make way for us;
Love can but last in us here at its height
For a day and a night.

THE LOST DIAMOND.

By MRS. MARGARET HOSMER,

Author of "Mystery of the Reef," "The White Girl of the Ridge," Etc.

CHAPTER X.

RHODA.

As she hurried through the lower hall Nora caught up a crimson scarf that Barbara had told her should be left there for her use in the garden, and running down the snow-bordered walk, she drew it over her head and shoulders to protect herself from the bitter air.

Moll was standing close to the gate, and her first exclamation on beholding the beautiful young lady, transformed by her dress and surroundings from the half clad starveling of a week before, was characteristic of her own queer self.

"My eyes, ain't you gorgeous!"

After uttering this in an astonished gasp, she stood staring at Norah for a minute or two in silence, and then added:

"It isn't any wonder that Matt said you didn't belong to the common sort; it would take more than good clothes to change one of the rough kind into the reg'lar lady you are. It's your own style to be splendid, and you belong to the quality for sure."

Norah smiled and blushed.

"You are very flattering, Molly," she said, "but nothing can change me enough to make me forget your kindness, and I ran down the moment I saw you to tell you so."

Without paying any apparent attention to Norah's words, Molly went on as if speaking to herself:

"You is changed so that it would be hard for a person with common eyes to recognize you, but I can't trust to that. Matt's eyes are almost as good as mine, and he is on the search for you. Old Mammy Webb is helping him, and she's as sharp as a razor. No, no, I don't dare to trust to the change."

Suddenly turning to the subject of her half soliloquy, she asked, abruptly:

"Do you know any reason why you should be hunted down? Can you tell why a villain of a man should be after you day and night for your hurt?"

"No," cried Norah, "it cannot be. I never injured any one in my life, and you must be mistaken, Molly. I have had the great good fortune to gain the favor of the noblest and best lady in the world, and she has been so generous and kind to us all that we have nothing left to wish for. She seems to help every one she comes in contact with, and so I am going to beg her to do something for you, too, Molly."

"Never mind me!" exclaimed the girl, impatiently. "I am no account, anyhow; but listen to what I'm telling you, and don't make light of it. There's a man, and a bad one he is, mind you, who is bound to find you out——"

"What for?" asked Norah, becoming perplexed by the girl's earnestness, and the evident seriousness with which she spoke.

"If I knew that I could upset his plot, whatever it is, and spoil his game for him," returned Molly, sharply. "I am bent to find it out, but it may take months to do it, and if you don't keep out of his way it may be all over with you before I can tell what he's after. Don't think I'm fooling. I like you, and you are the only living thing I do like, except the old cat at the Slums that I sleep with, and that keeps me from freezing when the nights is cold."

"Poor Molly," cried Norah; "but, indeed, indeed, I cannot understand why any one should be my enemy."

"Never mind trying to think; just believe me, I couldn't lie to you if I tried, and I swear to you there's a man called Matt who is bound to find you out, and another man's ready to pay him for it when he does. They both mean you harm, but they shan't hurt you while I am able to dog their heels and spy on their games. Don't be afraid, but be sharp and take care of yourself. I've got to go now, or old Mother Webb will be down on me hard. I must not get 'em to suspecting me, either, or it will spoil my chance of helping you."

Saying this, she picked up her big basket again, which she had dropped in the excitement of her feeling, and adopting the slouching movement popular among back gate beggars, she shuffled off and out of sight as quickly as possible.

Norah turned and went up the garden path again, in a confused and startled state of mind. She could neither understand nor regret the beggar girl's warning; and remembering her abruptness in leaving Dr. Falconer, she hurried up to the library to apologize, and, if possible, explain what she was unable herself to understand, namely, the strange interview she had just had with Molly.

Miss St. Croix was there, however, and without waiting for her to speak, addressed her with great animation:

"Alfred tells me you are studying at the most promising rate, and that it is a delightful recreation for him to assist you," she said, smiling. "It is one I intend he shall enjoy until he decides to go abroad for a year, for I detest idle people, as I told you, and this will be one way of insuring his usefulness."

She pointed to the open books, and commenced questioning Norah about them, so that the half-formed plan of telling her friends what Molly had said was for the time checked.

When she had an opportunity to think further on the subject, Nora was glad that it had happened so.

"Miss St. Croix is noble and kind, and I owe her more than my life," she thought, "because she saved mother and Rhoda from starving, but she is peculiar and easily annoyed on some subjects. Suppose I were to tell her what Molly says and she should chance to be displeased about it. Oh, dear, I dare not think of such a thing, and as it only concerns myself, and there cannot be any real danger in my keeping it a secret, I think I had better do so."

Having arrived at this conclusion, she tried to dismiss the matter from her mind, and to devote herself completely to her studies.

She thought she had succeeded entirely, and prided herself greatly on her love of learning, receiving Alfred's commendations with delighted blushes, and fancying, innocent young creature that she was, that the emotion with which she regarded her handsome tutor was simply one of respectful gratitude, even while she acknowledged its depth and intensity.

Meantime Mrs. Eldrige fulfilled her promise by recovering without the aid of medicines, and solely through the influence of the welcome comforts and nourishments Miss St. Croix's bounty afforded her.

Rhoda went to the milliner's as Miss St. Croix had arranged, and began to learn the business; while her mother, in renewed health and strength, devoted herself to housekeeping, and sewing for the kind lady who had done so much for them.

But both she and Rhoda missed Norah's cheerful, helpful presence. Mrs. Eldrige tried to stifle the feeling of longing for her absent girl, but Rhoda allowed it to grow into discontented complaining.

"Why couldn't she allow us to be together?" she said, fretfully, to her mother, after a tiresome day at the milliner's. "If Norah were with me I wouldn't mind it so much; it's her nature to fix things and remedy mistakes, so I've always let her do it, and now I have to manage for myself, and I don't like it at all."

"You'll get used to it by and by, dear," said Mrs. Eldrige, soothingly; "and you must remember what Miss St. Croix has done for us, and not complain of trifles."

"Trifles!" exclaimed Rhoda, in a provoked tone, "I don't consider it a trifle to be worried all day by a fussy old Frenchwoman; and I don't think it is such a wonderful favor, after all, just to be allowed to live in a house, and have your sister taken away to pay for it."

"Hush, dear!" begged the good mother, glancing out of the window; "here comes Norah to see us. How good of Miss St. Croix to send her in her carriage. Pray don't let the dear girl hear you speak slightingly of the lady's favor, it would worry her greatly."

"Pshaw, mother, what's the use of making one's self a slave to a person for a little kindness received," protested the thankless Rhoda.

And, as soon as Norah entered the house, she began her complaints.

"You are quite condescending to come here in state, Norah," she remarked, enviously. "I have to trudge on foot and work for a tiresome French milliner who is never satisfied with what I do."

"I am sorry for that, Rhoda," said Norah, with a troubled look. "I hoped you would like Madame Lafoure. Miss St. Croix said she was a conscientious and excellent lady."

"I'm sure I don't know anything about that," said Rhoda, shortly; "but I do say it is rather hard to work like a slave while one's sister plays the lady."

A look of pain crossed Norah's fair brow. She glanced imploringly at Rhoda, and murmured, in a low tone:

"The choice was not my own, and I would gladly change with you if I might do so."

"Oh, yes, that is all very well to say, but you know you can't," retorted Rhoda. "I dare say Miss St. Croix looks down on me, and will prevent your associating with us all by and by."

"Oh, pray don't speak so, dear Rhoda," entreated Norah. "I have come to ask you to spend to-morrow with me, at her request. She knew it would be a holiday at Madame Lafoure's, and, as she is going out of town herself, she kindly thought we would like to be together."

Rhoda's brow cleared, and she began to look somewhat mollified.

"Well," she said, rather ungraciously, "it is about time, I should think. Mother hasn't got a bit of spirit, but I don't mean to be trodden on, even if we are poor."

Mrs. Eldrige was a good, amiable woman, but her nature was weak and timid, and, while she relied on Norah's justice and energy of character, she rather dreaded to rouse Rhoda's willfulness and ill-temper.

She sat, looking anxious and imploring, and, when she heard of Miss St. Croix's invitation, her brow cleared, and she smiled hopefully.

"Now, that's nice; I'm sure you can't help enjoying a day at the great lady's mansion, Rhoda," she said; "and if Miss St. Croix only thinks of it, perhaps she may invite you soon again."

"Yes," muttered Rhoda, moodily, as she was thus reminded of the difference between herself and her sister in position, "she may take pity on me. But, pray, Norah, who is that handsome gentleman I saw in the carriage as it drove away?"

Norah's color changed in spite of her effort to control it.

"Oh, that is young Dr. Falconer, Miss St. Croix's nephew," she said. "He came with me this evening because—because he wanted a drive, he said."

"He is very, very handsome," said Rhoda, not noticing her sister's confusion. "He must be very agreeable, too."

"Oh, he is so good and kind," exclaimed Norah, eagerly. "He helps me with my studies, and I improve more through his aid than through my teacher——"

She stopped abruptly, for she saw her mother's mild and thoughtful eye fixed on her, and again the color rushed hotly to her cheeks under that grave and earnest look.

CHAPTER XI.

RIVALRY.

Rhoda and her sister, in their poverty and wretchedness, had appeared little more than children, but good fortune seemed suddenly to have developed them into womanhood, and matured them at once in mind and form.

Seen together, in their rags and misery, it would have been difficult to have told which was the elder of the two. Norah was taller, fairer, and more beautiful than her sister, but Rhoda was stronger and larger in frame. Norah's decision of character gave her the appearance of possessing greater experience than Rhoda, but, while the former had become a student under the smile of fortune, the latter has been forced to assume the responsibility of having to make a provision for her own future, instead of depending on her sister, and the difference which thus marked their lives also stamped their dispositions.

Rhoda was becoming envious, exacting and petulant. Norah, on the contrary, grew more than ever gentle, self-sacrificing and generous.

Rhoda had not had a looking-glass to consult for a year past.

She now began to study it carefully, and to think a good deal about what it revealed to her. She saw her own dark and brilliant face in strong contrast to her sister's more delicate loveliness, and resolved to make it do its most for its possessor.

"I am handsome," she thought to herself, triumphantly, "even if I have not got such shining hair as Norah's, and such melting eyes. I am glad that I shall have an opportunity of seeing that splendid looking young gentleman again, and I mean to do my best to prove that I can be a lady, as well as my sister, though I have to drudge at a milliner's shop, while she lives in elegance."

This was her conclusion, as she stood in front of the glass on the morning she was to go to Courtland Terrace, and her mother watched her with a perturbed expression as she saw the coquettish air with which she twisted a scarlet ribbon in her jetty black hair.

"I am afraid you are getting vain, Rhoda," she hinted, smiling as she spoke to hide the deeper anxiety she wished to conceal.

"Why do you say that?" demanded her daughter. "You never tell Norah such things."

"Norah's different from you, dear," said Mrs. Eldrige, in low and somewhat troubled tones. "You will learn that by and by, and the sooner you begin to be contented with a humble lot, the better it will be for us both. Providence is placing Norah where she belongs by right, but, as for you and me, we have only to thank heaven that sent the good lady to our rescue when we were in a terrible strait, and gave us a chance to make an honest, humble living."

Rhoda's flushed face and gleaming eyes interrupted her mother at this point. She paused, and bit her lips nervously, evidently feeling that she had almost gone too far.

"Norah is your favorite, mother, and you want to set her up over me and see her made a lady, while I scrub along like a common work girl," exclaimed Rhoda, angrily. "There she comes now, sitting in the carriage like a born princess, and nodding and smiling as if we were all her inferiors that she was taking notice of."

Jealous tears of pain and anger filled the foolish girl's eyes as she said this; but the next instant Norah had entered the room with her warm, loving smile, and, after kissing her mother, had flung her arms tenderly round Rhoda's neck.

The girl's better nature awoke under the fond embrace, and she returned it heartily.

"You are not setting yourself above us, are you?" she cried, petulantly. "You don't mean to rise in life, and leave us behind, as mother says you do?"

Norah looked astonished for a moment, but noticing an imploring look in her mother's eyes, she was silent, and answered only by another kiss and an entreaty that her sister should make haste so that they could have the longer time to spend together.

"Miss St. Croix says I need not study at all to-day," she said; "but I want to learn all I can, so we can go over the books together, and I'll show you all I know. I wish I could teach you, too, Rhoda."

Rhoda was more interested in the arrangement of the jaunty little hat she had made herself after the pattern of one of Madam Lafoure's rarest importation. She certainly possessed both skill and taste, and had she been anxious to become a thorough workwoman, could not have helped succeeding.

Norah admired her hat, and yet seemed a little uneasy at its splendor; her own was a quiet, tasteful little thing, but Rhoda's was strikingly brilliant. So it was in all the two sisters now, Norah's native loveliness outshone her dress, while Rhoda's seemed to depend on hers for lustre.

When they arrived at Courtland Terrace, Norah took her sister at once to Barbara's room. It was Rhoda's first visit, and she thought that in her mistress' absence the trusty waiting woman was the head of the establishment, and entitled to respect; but Rhoda, who looked on Barbara as a common servant, felt annoyed in her presence, as it recalled the wretched state in which she and her mother had been when the energetic agent of Miss St. Croix's bounty had found and saved them from starvation.

Barbara, on her part, did not approve of unsuitable splendor in dress; her eye fell condemningly on Rhoda's fancy hat and ribbons, and the young girl's affectation of loftiness was equally offensive in her sight; consequently her greeting was a cold and formal one, and she followed the visitor as Norah led her to the library, with a suspicious eye.

Miss St. Croix had left orders for the two to enjoy each other's society without interruption; but young Dr. Falconer evidently thought his presence would be no drawback to their pleasure, for he joined them there almost as soon as they were seated, and Rhoda's heart beat high, her cheeks flushed, and her eyes sparkled as he appeared.

His manner to her surpassed her hopes; she had feared to find him haughty or indifferent; he was kind, attentive, and almost affectionate in his bearing, and instead of being difficult to become acquainted with, was eager to win her confidence and regard.

The inexperienced girl's head was almost turned with her triumph; she looked at Norah, and fancied she saw an air of reserve, and even coldness, creeping over her.

"She is jealous of my conquest," thought the vain Rhoda; "she believed herself to be the only one who could make an impression. Ha, ha, she must learn that brunettes are sometimes as charming as blondes."

So she redoubled her smiles and graces, and felt sure that the captivated gentleman was falling deeper and deeper beneath the influence of her fascinations. She could not help noticing his peculiarly deferential manner to Norah, nor the abashed way he looked at and listened to her, but she explained that satisfactorily to her own vanity.

"He does not want to offend Norah," she thought; "he is even anxious to be pleasant with her for my sake; but she is so cold and distant she will soon make him indifferent. Poor Norah, she certainly does not understand making herself charming."

Having arrived at this conclusion, she gave herself up to exultation, and forgetting the wretchedness she had barely escaped from, began to build air castles of the most magnificent kind.

"He must be very rich," she said to herself. "Miss St. Croix will die and leave him this splendid house, and I shall live here in the greatest grandeur. I'll make Norah a lady, too, and mother shall have everything she wants; but I will be the head of the family—Mrs. Alfred Falconer; O, dear, won't it be grand!"

She permitted so much of the effect of these exultant visions to appear in her manner, that Norah became very grave and quiet. It was time for her to go home, and the carriage was at the door. Miss St. Croix would soon return, and Norah was very anxious that the keen eyes of her patroness should not meet her sister's too triumphant face that night. Dr. Falconer earnestly pressed his services on them as an escort, but Norah steadily refused them, at which Rhoda became almost angry, and parted from the gentleman with a pouting air.

When they sat in the carriage she said, reproachfully:

"I never knew before that you could be so mean or jealous, Norah; just because you saw that Dr. Falconer admired me, you would not let him be my escort home."

Her sister gave her an imploring glance, in which shame and sorrow both combined, but seemed to repress the words that rose to her lips.

"Yes, I dare say," continued Rhoda, boldly, "you feel as if I had usurped your place, that nobody has any right to shine or attract but you."

"Hush! Rhoda; for Heaven's sake hush!" exclaimed Norah, entreatingly. "What have either of us to do with attracting any one so far above us in every way. It is wrong for us to have such an idea, and we must never, never speak of such a thing again."

"O, bother," cried the other in a rebellious tone. "I don't believe there ever was such a meek goose as you are, Norah Eldrige! Just as if any decent girl had not a right to do the very best in the matrimonial line she can. Why, since I've been at Madam Lafoure's I've learned lots I never knew before, and I think I'd be too silly to lose an opportunity of catching a beau just because he chances to be a little higher in the social grade than I am."

"You must not—you shall not speak of such things to me," protested Norah, excitedly. "There are reasons why we should never breathe a word on the subject of Dr. Falconer to each other"—she paused as if the theme were too painful for her to pursue, and Rhoda caught a glimpse of her face by a passing lamp, that showed it deadly pale.

Too obtuse to understand the apparent mystery, the wilful girl set her sister down as chagrined at her own defeat.

"She is angry at not making a conquest herself, I expect," was her conclusion. It never entered her silly mind to perceive that Alfred Falconer only wished to win her regard for Norah's sake, and that by confessing her own conceited belief in the power of her fascinations over him, she had roused her sister from her blissful dream to contemplate the startling reality of her position as the object of Miss St. Croix's nephew's affections.

There was a painful silence between the two until they reached the door of the Eldrige house.

Then Norah gave Rhoda an entreating kiss, and bade her good night with clinging fondness, which was but coldly returned.

"Dear Rhoda, what have I done!" cried her sister, as left alone she flung herself back in the carriage. "Can it be possible that she loves him! Heaven help me and preserve me from crossing my darling sister's path, and teach us both to know that we belong to a plainer, humbler lot than such as he is born to grace."

Yes, Norah was a woman now; the secret of a woman's heart had been that day revealed to her. She knew the pain and fear, the joy and hope of loving, and never more could she look in her lover's face with a child's unquestioning confidence, blest in the present, and thoughtless of the future.

CHAPTER XII.

A DISCOVERY.

Barbara Lane, Miss St. Croix's confidential servant, was a very slow and suspicious person to form an intimacy, but a most devoted and unchangeable friend when once gained. She had watched Norah with lynx eyes since her entrance into the Courtland Terrace household, and at last accepting the result of her keen observation and instinctive knowledge of character she became sincerely attached to her.

In proportion as she grew fond of Norah, however, she increased in distaste for the rest of her family. Rhoda she at once disliked and suspected, while Mrs. Eldrige's want of firmness and courage filled her with contempt.

She made no secret of either feeling, for she was wholly without artifice or concealment.

"I have taken a fancy to you, child," she said to Norah, "because you look like my first mistress. She was scarcely older than you are now when my master brought her home a bride, and I became her housekeeper. She was a lovely being, but she met a terrible loss that clouded her life with sorrow, and at last snapped it like a too slender thread. I will show you her likeness."

So saying, she produced from her bosom, where she always carried it, a small oval miniature of a fair young face, that filled Norah with a strange thrill of mingled pain and pleasure as she gazed upon it.

Having said this much on the subject of this early association, and shown Norah the picture, Barbara returned it to its hiding-place, and avoided any further allusion to it.

"It is a sad story and makes me wretched to recall it," she told her young companion in explanation of this reticence; so Norah forbore to annoy her by further pressing.

But, whether owing to this resemblance to her lost mistress, or to her own peculiar charm of character, Barbara grew daily fonder of the lovely girl, and watched her with never tiring interest.

"She is wonderfully changed since she came here that cold, dark night," she thought. "She grows fairer and more beautiful every day, but she is no longer the free, gay young thing she was when she found she had a friend who would save her and hers from want and trouble. There is something that presses on her heart, and makes her uneasy and ill at rest. Can it be Mr. Alfred?"

They were almost constantly together; Miss St. Croix, strangely oblivious of consequences, encouraged them in the closest association, intrusting her all too willing nephew with the supervision of her *protege's* studies, and encouraging his enthusiasm about her wonderful progress.

She had a fine voice, and they sang together to the lady's great delight—and owing to the cultivation of this accomplishment, Norah had made a pleasant friend in Miss Maud Graff, whom she met at her music teacher's, and who never for an instant suspected her fellow pupil of being the poor trembling suppliant whom she had tried to serve in her father's presence, but whom her harsh mother had driven out into the cold streets like a dog.

These were painful memories that Norah shuddered to recall, but that still clung to her, and were often revived by the sudden appearance before her window of Moll Patchell, who never stayed to speak to her, but after a warning gesture would place her finger on her lip as if to enjoin secrecy, and then hurry away before Norah could reach her, or entreat her to remain.

She had frequently resolved to tell her mother of the strange interview she had had with the beggar girl, and her singular story about the man called Matt, but Mrs. Eldrige was both weak and nervous; what she had undergone seemed to haunt her mind with an awful dread of its recurrence, and she often said, in a kind of shuddering horror:

"Oh, girls, suppose our present good fortune should forsake us, and we should become reduced to the frightful condition we were once in, what would become of us! It would be far, far worse than it was before, for we have had such comforts, and even luxuries, that a change would be all the more terrible."

Rhoda only laughed at these fancies; she not only felt secure in what she enjoyed, but she believed herself destined for far greater things in the future.

Norah, on the contrary, had some of her mother's indefinable fears, and sympathized with her timidity too much to increase it by a recital of her own cause of anxiety and uneasiness.

Apart from this drawback, her life with Miss St. Croix was so far cloudless; she had become the object of an almost motherly tenderness on that lady's part, which she received with deep gratitude and respect, and strove to return with unceasing devotion.

She was very happy; despite the heart-thrill that warned her of the dangerous passion gaining hourly strength, she was blest in Alfred Falconer's presence, and the rapture of being near him, feeling the warm beaming of his loving eyes, and drinking in the soft tenderness of his musical voice, she could forget everything. Her sister's jealousy, the wide gulf yawning between them in the social scale, and haunting dread of cherishing a feeling at variance with the reverent gratitude she owed her benefactress—all grew dim and unreal in the delight of her lover's society, and the spell of his ardent fondness.

He had never yet spoken his love in words; that was her plea with her own conscience. She could not refuse what had never been offered; it would be time enough to guard her heart when it had been assailed, she reasoned, and so she dared to indulge in a bliss she knew could not last.

One day, while she was sitting over her books waiting for Alfred to join her, and forgetting all else but the delight of expectancy, she raised her eyes to see the face of a man she remembered to have met once before, glaring in upon her from the back balcony, with such malignant triumph in his wicked gaze that her heart stood still, and fear and horror seemed to freeze her very blood.

He was a short, square-set man, with a red face and small ferret-like eyes; he wore a workman's suit, and seemed to be resting in a crouching position, the better to bring his eyes to bear upon her.

Even in the first instant of her terror she recognized the face as familiar, and the next brought back the circumstances in which she had seen it. He was the man who had tempted her to take the shawl the day she was dying of cold and hunger, and his reappearance in this stealthy and felonious manner, with such a villainous look on his dreadful face, terrified her beyond reason.

Her tongue seemed paralyzed with alarm, but fear lent her redoubled strength. She dashed down the window he had softly raised, and fastened the spring above it; then rushing swiftly from the room she never paused to think whither she was going until she found herself in Miss St. Croix's chamber, into which in her fright she ran without the ceremony of knocking.

Shocked at her own rashness, which she realized the moment she found herself within the lady's apartment, Norah stood still, panting for breath and unable to move a step farther.

One of the doors leading to the inner rooms stood open for the first time in her sight, and within she saw Miss St. Croix's figure bending in a half supplicating, half caressing attitude over a gentleman draped in a dark cloak and seated in an easy chair.

Astonishment held her rooted to the spot and kept her eyes fixed on the strange scene; while the lady, all unconscious of her presence, clung to the motionless and irresponsive form of the stranger, and uttered words she could not distinguish in a passionate, wailing tone.

The gentleman's face was turned from her, and his posture was a fixed and impassive one; neither her appealing words nor ardent caresses seemed to move him; not one muscle of his form or fold of his dress seemed to stir, and the contrast between the agonized intensity of the woman, and the stony immovability he preserved, made the unwitting spy shudder where she stood.

Suddenly Miss St. Croix turned, and her eyes rested on Norah standing pale and faltering before her; in an instant a change, swift as thought, passed over her tear-stained face, and froze its passionate emotion into a glare of angry horror, that fixed the terrified girl like a sharp

sword thrust. Then the door banged in her face and she stood alone in the chamber, from which she turned and fled as precipitately as she had entered it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE WATER FAIRY.

The Lurlei rocks are situated on the Rhine. During the greater part of his journey along the river, the traveler beholds a luxuriant country, and the ruins which stand on the mountain heights seem only like so many desolate specks in a region of universal luxuriance; but at the Lurlei cultivation ceases altogether, and the traveler, instead of seeing countless vineyards, finds himself in the midst of wild, barren rocks. The Rhine is here contracted to half its size, and the masses being so disposed as to intercept the prospect, it seems reduced to a small basin. The echo of these rocks, which is very remarkable, adds to the effect of the scene, and it is the custom of the masters of the Dusseldorf steamboats, when they arrive here, to fire a small cannon for the purpose of producing it.

Popular tradition supposes that the Lurlei was once the residence of a water-fairy named Lore, and that the appellation of the place is derived from her name, "Lei," being a Rhenish word signifying "rock." This fairy used to appear to the boatmen on the river, standing on the summit of the rock, and clad in garments of a watery hue. Her long, fair hair hung down upon her shoulders, and her aspect was so beautiful that those who had once seen her could never forget her. To the virtuous inhabitants of the district she acted as a benefactress, scattering good fortune around her; but she was a foe to the wicked, and those who, on passing the rock, ventured to scoff at her power, were swallowed up by the angry waves as a punishment for their temerity. It was deemed sinful presumption to ascend to her favorite spot; and those who erred in this respect generally fell into some abyss, or were lost in pathless thickets, whence they could with difficulty extricate themselves.

It is said that Hermann, the only son of Bruno, an early Count Palatine, who inhabited a castle in the neighborhood, was seized with an irresistible desire to behold the fairy. Scarcely a day passed in which he did not approach the rock, of which he had heard so many wild stories, and he often expressed the emotions of his heart with the sound of his guitar. Late one evening, when he was watching the rock from a grotto near its foot, he suddenly perceived on its summit a light of unusual hue and brilliancy, which, gradually condensing, assumed the form of the fairy. With a feeling of rapture, he flung down his guitar, and extended his arms to the figure, who seemed to greet him with a friendly smile. He even fancied that he heard her breathe his name in a tone of affection, and so great was his delight, that he fell senseless to the ground, and did not recover till the following morning.

From this time a change came over him, and he was a victim of a constant melancholy, which his father observed, though he could not divine its cause. As a distraction to his thoughts, the Palatine desired him to join the Imperial army, and he could not, in honor, refuse this request. However, on the night before his departure, accompanied by a faithful attendant, he visited the spot whence he had beheld the vision. Looking up to the moonlit summit, he sang to the notes of his guitar, and was answered by the sound of the waters, in which something like a human voice was blended. Presently flames began to play about the rock, in the midst of which the fairy appeared, beckoning the youth with her right hand, while she seemed to control the waves with her left. The waters, as if by her command, rose to a fearful height, the boat was dashed to pieces, and the attendant escaped with difficulty, while Hermann sank.

The Palatine, as soon as he heard the news, was beside himself with grief and rage; and swearing to be revenged on the fairy, hastened to the rock, with a chosen body of retainers. To his amazement, he saw her sitting on a point exactly perpendicular to the water's surface, and eyeing him with a glance that made his heart shrink within him. In answer to his demand for his son, she pointed to the waters, and avowing that she had carried him away, said that he was now dwelling with her in a crystal palace at the bottom of the Rhine. She then flung a stone into the water, upon which a wave arose to the summit of the rock. Gliding down the wave, she vanished into the river, and has never been seen since, though it is said she is often heard to the present day.

THE TOOTHACHE.

A correspondent says: After suffering excruciating pain from this ache, and having tried in vain to obtain relief, Betty told me a gentleman had been waiting some time in the parlor, who said he would not detain me one minute. He came—a friend I had not seen for years. He sympathized with me, while I briefly told how sadly I was afflicted.

"My dear friend," exclaimed he, "I can cure you in ten minutes."

"How, how?" inquired I; "do it, in pity."

"Instantly," said he. "Betty, have you any alum?"

"Yes."

"Bring it, and some common salt."

They were produced; my friend pulverized them, mixed in equal quantities, then wet a small piece of cotton, causing the mixed powders to adhere, and placed it in my hollow tooth.

"There said he, "if that does not cure you I will forfeit my head. You may tell this in Gath and publish it in Askelon; the remedy is infallible."

It was so. I experienced a sensation of coldness on applying it, which gradually subsided, and with it the torment of the toothache.

As we grow old, the class of novels which we can read with interest rapidly diminishes. The love agonies of the Fredericks and Dorotheas cease to be absorbing, as the possibilities of such excitement for ourselves have set below our horizon. At the crisis of the lovers' fortunes we incline to the parental view of the situation, knowing as we do, by painful experience, the realities of the weekly bills and the rent day. A novel which can amuse us after middle life must represent such sentiments, such actions and such casualties as we encounter when we have cut our wise teeth, and have become ourselves actors in the practical drama of existence.

UMBRELLA WANTED.

Said Madge to me one year ago
By the sea, "Cousin Jack, do you know,
Why it is that a 'fellah'
With a nice large umbrella
Is preferred by the girls as a beau?"

I stupidly grinned for a while,
Watching her bright witching smile—
But I couldn't make out
Why it was that a stout
Big umbrella should add to one's style.

I gave up the thing in despair,
She, with mysterious air,
Marched me down to the beach—
Not a sound, not a speech
Was heard, till she whispered, "Look there!"

Good gracious! for a mile I could see
And counted at least thirty-three
Very singular plants—
Gingham mushrooms, perchance—
And all opened out towards the sea.

I turned to sweet Madge, standing near—
"I'm one in your debt; but, my dear,
I'll bet a cravat
'Gainst a four-cent chip hat
That I'll cut my eye-teeth by next year."

* * * * * * *

This summer I sit near the tide,
And somebody's close by my side—
I tell you a fellah
Does need an umbrella—
The wedding? Madge says, Christmas tide.

LOVE OR PRIDE?

BY JEAN BONCOEUR.

CHAPTER I.

Great purple shadows swept across the hayfields; the distant landscape was becoming indistinct; and the moon was slowly rising in the heavens.

After awhile the twilight deepened into as much of darkness as there would be in the summer night, and silence fell upon the earth. Then a girl stole noiselessly across a small garden, and stood beside a gate that led into the adjoining churchyard. A yew-tree spread its dark branches wide above her, but the silver tints that were slanting down upon the tall gravestones, and bringing out the delicate lines of the old church spire, touched also her white face, making it whiter than usual. She did not start as a tall figure approached from the farther side of the churchyard. She had evidently been expecting some one, and when she heard the words:

"You are out late, Miss Jarvis."

She quietly answered:

"I was waiting for you; I wanted to say good-bye to you before you went away."

"I thought you had done that already," replied the young man with some bitterness.

"Not quite," returned the girl wearily, "you were too angry for me to say it as I wished."

"Had I not a right to be so?" he asked. "Ever since I have been at Shelford you have been deceiving me. I believed you to be as earnest as I was myself, and now——"

He paused.

"And now?"

Her voice had a sharp ring in it as she repeated his words, as though she would give denial to what he had said; but her face looked like stone in the moonlight, white and immovable, as she continued:

"I did not understand that you could really be in earnest, otherwise I might have told you before what I have told you to-day."

"You did not believe in me—you looked upon me as heartless—as a deceiver. You do not believe in me now."

"I do."

"What do you believe?" he asked impetuously; "nothing good, or you would not give me the answer you have given me."

"Everything good, except the knowing what is good for yourself. I want you now to say good-bye to me without any anger in your heart. The day will come when you will perhaps bless me for what I have had courage to do to-day." And she held out her hand.

The young man hesitated.

"Is there no hope?"

"None."

Her voice rang low and clear through the summer air. Again he hesitated, then suddenly taking both her hands in his, he bent down and kissed her for the first time.

She gave a faint cry, and disengaged herself.

"We part in peace."

And with these words she turned and fled, not looking back, or perhaps she might have repented her decision.

Once in the house she sat down in the empty sitting-room, made light as day by the moonbeams. The old dog rose as she came in, and when she threw herself into a chair he laid his head in her lap.

There came a sound of clattering of plates in the kitchen on the opposite side of the narrow passage, and her mother's voice sounded sharply, giving her directions about supper.

Presently she entered.

"Where have you been, Ally? How ill you look! and you're all shivering. Come into the kitchen, child; Anne's gone off to bed, and there's a bit of fire in the grate. It might be winter instead of midsummer, to feel your hands."

Alice rose mechanically. She walked dreamily into the little kitchen, where her mother drew a chair to the fire for her.

Presently a ruddy, good-humored-looking youth entered, saying:

"Let me have my supper here, mother; the fire looks pleasant though it is summer time."

Mrs. Jervis opened the oven door and took out a covered dish that had been kept warm there. Alice, watching her as she placed it on the table, and laid a knife and fork beside it, instinctively roused herself, and, taking a jug from the dresser, went to the cellar to draw some beer for her brother.

It was a relief to her to perform this menial service; it seemed almost an answer to the question she had been asking herself over and over again, since her conversation with Mr. Scrope in the morning. She was even glad that all around her looked so commonplace, so poor—poorer and commoner than ever to-night. And a bitter feeling rose in her heart and made her almost indignant that some people should be so much more favored, in a worldly point of view, than others.

When she went to her own room, instead of undressing, she opened the window and gazed out towards the yew-tree under which she had parted with Mr. Scrope, and then suddenly untwisting her long hair she turned to the looking-glass, not with any feeling of vanity, but in order to find what had so attracted him.

It was more than a handsome face that answered back her gaze, one which showed an amount of earnestness and intelligence not often met with. Of this she was no judge herself, neither of the continual change of expression which Mr. Scrope had begun by curiously observing, and ended by being thoroughly interested in. He was passing the long vacation at Shelford, reading and fishing, and had made the acquaintance of William Jervis on the banks of the river, and through him, whom it was a condescension on the part of Mr. Scrope to notice, of Alice herself.

Alice perhaps understood the footing on which they stood better than her brother, and the innate pride in her nature caused her to accept it with reservations. She felt the gulf between them, and measured it by the world's standard. Therefore, when Mr. Scope made his somewhat startling offer, she, in spite of her surprise, was not unprepared with her answer.

And now that she had given it, she asked herself if she had done right.

Mr. Scrope was an only son; a brilliant future was before him; a world of which she knew nothing was familiar to him. Could she, who was accustomed to the littlenesses incident to circumstances somewhat above actual poverty, move with propriety in circles accustomed to every luxury? Would his relatives, so far above hers, accept her and her belongings? She answered, "No." Mr. Scrope had argued, what matter, since it rested with him to give her place and position in the world as his wife? But that she knew would be a separation for him from all former associations, and her own unfitness to move in her lover's sphere would make her a clog upon the life of him to whom, before she knew it, she had given her heart.

Such had been the train of argument she had pursued, and she had struggled free from the prospect open to her, not without pain, and had dismissed it as a dream of beauty that had naught to do with waking hours. And now——

But it was over. The morning rose, and she went about her tasks as usual, perhaps even more energetically, since she needed an outlet for her pent-up feelings. Mingled with pain there came a sense of happiness in the knowledge of Mr. Scrope's love. To have possessed it—nay, perhaps to possess it still—carried her into another world, in which, however, she must always be alone, since all that had passed must forever remain her own especial secret.

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Scrope went abroad; and after a time he returned home to begin his career.

Alice Jervis pursued her homely and monotonous life. She grew quieter and graver, and worked more diligently. She believed that she had decided rightly as regarded Mr. Scrope's happiness, and the sacrifice she had made for his sake made her feel that she had a right to be interested in him, and she lived in the excitement of seeing his name in the papers, and in gaining every particular of him within her grasp. She smiled when she read his name among the presentations at Court, or noted his presence at the Court balls. At such times she looked down at the shabby dress and the poor appointments surrounding her, and wondered what sort of an appearance she should have made in other circumstances.

At length she saw another announcement. Mr. Scrope was going to be married.

She turned pale and put down the paper.

And yet she had expected this announcement—had looked for it day after day. Nevertheless, she felt a strange pang, which as long as he was unmarried she had escaped.

Down by the river, where the water-flags hoisted their yellow standards among the reeds, and where the forget-me-nots blossomed along the banks, she sauntered, listening to the murmuring waters, whose burden was "Past, past, past!" Even Rover appeared to understand it, for he looked up mournfully in her face and whined.

Then great grey bars of cloud spread across the setting sun, and blotted out the sunlight; but still Alice paced up and down under the pollard-willows, until the evening was far advanced. Night was setting in around her; the light and life were over. She had scarcely realized until the present moment how present Mr. Scrope had been in her every thought.

The morning after reading the news in the papers, another very startling piece of information came to her:

She was an heiress.

By one of those strange chances in life that are so common nowadays, her mother's brother, beginning life as an artizan, had amassed a princely fortune. And he had left it between Alice Jervis and her brother.

And Alice Jervis sat down and wept bitterly. To her it had come as a mockery. Her lot in life was cast, what did she want with money now?

In due time she read of the marriage itself; she cut it out of the paper and placed it in her pocketbook. It was all over.

CHAPTER III.

Three years slipped away. Three travelers entered a hotel in a little foreign town. One, a beautiful woman, a little past her first youth, whom one knew in a moment, in spite of the improvement that had taken place; but her brother was scarcely to be recognized. A tutor and three years of foreign life had caused a marvelous transformation. The third, an elderly lady, was not much altered, excepting that her dress was handsome as heart could desire.

They took their places at the *table-d'hote*, and exactly opposite to them sat a lady and gentleman. The latter looked wearied, and his short black moustache twitched with the curvings of the restless mouth beneath it. The lady was fair, fashionable and vivacious.

Alice Jervis started. She would have moved, but William Jervis, all ignorant of past events, had exclaimed:

"Mr. Scrope!"

Mr. Scrope looked across, wondering at the friendly recognition from an apparent stranger. Then his eye fell upon Alice, and he started; but quickly recovering himself, he bowed, saying:

"Pardon me, if I did not at first remember you."

Mrs. Scrope had turned in delight towards William Jervis.

"The first English voice, excepting my husband's, that I have heard for three weeks. I do not understand Italian, and have consequently had no one to talk to but Mr. Scrope. Can you imagine anything more dreadful?"

Then turning to her husband, she said, "You must introduce me to your English friends."

"Mrs. Scrope—Mrs. and Miss Jervis," said Mr. Scrope, his look rivetted on Alice.

The face that had never left his memory in spite of his marriage, had grown to a higher beauty than even he had imagined to be possible. And though he knew it not, it had come about through her striving after an ideal that she deemed worthy of him.

Stilling the pulses that had throbbed so painfully, Alice conversed with him as with an old acquaintance, and yet the remembrance of their parting on that moonlight night was vividly present to both of them.

Mrs. Scrope talked incessantly, the more especially as William Jervis was a lively talker, with a frank, half-jesting half-deferential manner, that had something very winning in it.

Alice Jervis watched Mrs. Scrope narrowly, and wondered why Mr. Scrope had married her? And instinctively the answer came, Because he did not care very much about her, but found that the alliance would add lustre to his career. There was something paradoxical in the idea, but it passed with her. She had argued that if Mr. Scrope had really cared for herself, to care much for Mrs. Scrope was impossible.

So they met, and so they parted, in the little out-of-the-way Italian town; and Alice had seen Mr. Scrope once more. Was she glad or sorry?

The Scropes returned to England: the Jervises remained abroad. And they heard nothing more of one another.

CHAPTER IV.

Exactly why she had come there she could not tell. It was more to gratify an old longing than any definite reason, though she had persuaded herself into the belief that she had business at Shelford. At any rate, upon the anniversary of that day, eight years ago, when she had waited under the yew-tree to say good-bye to Mr. Scrope, Alice Jervis stood with her hand on the wicket-gate, quietly reviewing her life, and once again asking herself whether love or pride had had the greater part in her decision.

The branches of the yews were waving gently, the roses were rustling their silver-tipped leaves, and the white moonlight fell upon the graves. Still with her hand upon the garden gate she looked towards the church, trying to believe that the years had stood still, and she was there waiting for Mr. Scrope.

She was turning away, when a dark figure approached her, and a well-remembered voice said:

"Miss Jervis!"

"Mr. Scrope!"

"Yes; I was waiting for you. I wished to see you before you went away."

Almost her own words in their last interview.

She looked up at him half fearfully. It was so strange to see him there at that hour of night, and an almost superstitious awe crept over her.

"I wanted to tell you that you have ruined my life so far. I heard that you were at Shelford. I knew that you would be here to-night; and I have come to ask you if you repent the past, and are willing to atone for it."

Alice shrank back.

"Mr. Scrope!" was all she could say.

"The inferiority, if there be any, is on my side," he said; "you have improved the past, I have wasted it. Yet the wasting of it I lay to your charge. I knew you better than you knew yourself. I wanted a wife who would understand me, and would give me sympathy. You could have done this, and you refused it. Will you refuse it now?"

Bewildered, and yet indignant, Alice shrank further away from him.

"Mr. Scrope," she said, "I bid you go back to your wife. I bid you to repair the brilliant prospects you seem so wrongly to have marred."

"I wish I could," he answered, sorrowfully. "My wife is dead, Alice, or I should not be here to-night. She died two years ago. You are hard and unjust as you have ever been."

"Dead!" stammered Alice; "how could I know? I have but just returned to England." She moved nearer to him; she held out her hand. "Forgive me," she said.

And their eyes met; and Mr. Scrope, looking down into hers, stooped and kissed the quivering lips for the second time in his life.

WONDERFUL ENGINEERING.

Any one desiring to obtain any idea of the stupendous accomplishments of railroad engineering, should spend a few days in Tehachape Pass, investigating the operations of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company. About twenty miles of that road is a succession of cuts, fills and tunnels. Within this distance there are thirteen tunnels, ranging from 1,100 feet to a few yards in length. For the greater portion of the way the road bed is cut through solid granite. The elevation is so great from the present terminus of the road, at Calient, to Tabachape Valley, that the first mile and a half out of Calient is attained by laying down eight miles of track. Higher up in the pass the road runs through a tunnel, encircles the hill, and passes a few feet above the tunnel. After completely encircling the hill, and going half around again, the track doubles on itself again like a closely pursued hare, and after running several miles in the opposite direction, strikes up the canon. This circling and doubling is for grade. Once the track crosses the pass, and this involves the building of a long and high bridge. We doubt if a more difficult and expensive piece of engineering was encountered in the building of the Central Pacific over the Sierras than that with which the Southern Pacific is now struggling in Tehachape Pass. Another tremendous piece of working is the San Fernando tunnel, which, when completed, will be over a mile and a half in length, and in places over 1,000 feet beneath the surface. Yet the company will accomplish this great work, and run cars through from San Francisco to Los Angeles by the 1st of next July. All the force that can be used is kept at work on the San Fernando tunnel. In the Tehachape Pass 5,000 men are employed, and the force is being increased at the rate of 1,000 Chinamen per week.

What a glorious world this would be, if all its inhabitants could say with Shakspere's shepherd, "Sir, I am a true laborer; I earn what I wear; I owe no man hate; envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good; content with my farm."

AGRICULTURAL.

GOD BLESS THE FARM.

God bless the farm—the dear old farm!
God bless its every rood,
Where willing heart and sturdy arms
Can earn an honest livelihood—
Can from the coarse and fertile soil
Win back a recompense for toil.

God bless each meadow, field and nook,
Begemmed with fairest flowers,
And every leaf that's gently shook
By evening breeze or morning showers:
God bless them all! each leaf's a gem
In Nature's gorgeous diadem.

The orchards that, in early spring,
Blush rich in fragrant flowers,
And with each autumn surely bring
Their wealth of fruits in golden showers;
Like pomegranates on Aaron's rod,
A miracle from Nature's God.

And may he bless the farmer's home,
Where peace and plenty reign;
No happier spot 'neath heaven's high dome,
Doth this broad, beauteous earth contain,
Than where, secure from care and strife,
The farmer leads his peaceful life.

Unvexed by toil and tricks for gain,
He turns the fertile mold;
Then scatters on the golden grain,
And reaps reward an hundred fold:
He dwells where grace and beauty charm,
For God hath blessed his home and farm.

Russia expects that her grain harvest this year will feed her own people and afford 75,000,000 bushels for exportation.

The *Canada Farmer* suggests that agricultural societies offer premiums for the best walking horses. It states that walking is the gait that is of most use to farmers, and it is this pace that ought to be encouraged.

Useful Hints.—It doesn't pay to reset thin wheel tires. The chief strength of the wheel lies in the rim.

There is great economy in soaking the felloes of business wagon wheels with raw linseed oil; it will preserve the wood and save the necessity of frequent tire-setting, an operation to be avoided.

When you buy a new fork or hoe, good farming requires that you oil the handle. It costs but a trifle, and your tool looks better, and will wear longer.

Good harness kept soft with neatsfoot oil is a credit to the owner, and a comfort to the animal that wears it. Soft harness is stronger than a dry, hard one. It is slightly elastic and bends without breaking.

Horse-stalls are usually made too narrow. A tired horse needs room to turn over and stretch his limbs; fatal injuries come from confining spirited horses in short, narrow stalls. A friend had the best one of a valuable span kicked by a strange horse in a short stall, which broke a leg. A pair of handsome Western horses were brought to take the place of the bays, and one of them in one year knocked down a hip, perhaps by the narrow stall, and is now of trifling value.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Good Cows.—The largest recorded yield of a single cow that is perfectly well authenticated, is that of an animal kept at the jail, at Lewes, England. In eight consecutive years she gave 9,720 gallons, or an average of more than 1,210 gallons a year. She was milked one year 328 days and gave 1,230 gallons, which made 540 pounds of butter, or at the rate of a pound of butter from 23 pounds of milk.

A Mr. Scott, of Shaftesbury, Vt., had a cow whose milk yielded 504 pounds of butter in 1866, or at the rate of one pound of butter from 20 pounds of milk.

An Ayrshire cow recently yielded 399½ pounds of butter in ten months after calving, or between March 10th, 1866, and January 10th, 1867, besides supplying a family with milk and cream.

It must be apparent that the proportion of butter will vary not only with the breed, but with the season of the year. The milk of the Ayrshire cow is generally richer in butter than that of the Short-Horn, but not so rich as that of the Jersey or Brittany. The best returns of butter are generally got late in summer or early in the fall, September and October.—*Canada Farmers' Advocate.*

Care of Horses.—The London *Horse-Book* says: All horses must not be fed in the same proportion, without regard to their ages, their constitution, and their work; because the impropriety of such practice is self-evident. Yet it is constantly done, and is the basis of disease of every kind.

Never use bad hay on account of the cheapness, for there is no proper nourishment in it.

Damaged corn is exceedingly injurious, because it brings on inflammation of the bowels and skin diseases. Chaff is better for old horses than hay, because they can chew and digest it better.

When a horse is worked hard, its food should be chiefly oats; if not worked hard its food should chiefly be hay, because oats contains more nourishment and flesh-making material than any other food; hay not so much.

Rack feeding is wasteful. The better plan is to feed with chopped hay, from a manger, because the food is not then thrown out, and is more easily chewed and digested.

Sprinkle the hay with water that has salt dissolved in it, because it is pleasant to the animal's taste, and more easily digested. A teaspoonful of salt in a bucket of water is sufficient.

Fattening Cattle.—In fattening animals time is often a matter of importance to the feeder. Sometimes a month gained is equal to 20 per cent. greater weight at a later period. Cooking food renders its constituents more soluble and digestible, therefore more rapidly entering on flesh and fat. As a condiment and appetizer for fattening molasses has no equal. A small quantity of sweet, upon hay, will cause a larger quantity to be eaten with a relish. We have often tried molasses upon poor animals with great satisfaction. A poor horse will show a change in condition in a few days. The molasses is not only an excellent condiment, but an excellent food; and being so soluble and assimilable that it produces an immediate effect upon the condition of the animal. Three pints may be fed to fattening animals per day, but to cows and breeding stock it must be fed sparingly, and not more than a pint per day to a cow, as too much sweet will prevent their breeding. When necessary to use straw for fattening stock, the use of molasses diluted with 8 to 10 proportions of water to wet the straw before steaming, will be found to render it very palatable, and cause it to be eaten, incorporated with other fattening food, as readily as hay. Some noted chemists have supposed all starchy food to be converted into sugar by the action of the stomach, before it becomes assimilated as food. Perhaps this will account for the remarkable effect of sweet food upon animals.

AN INTERESTING COLLECTION OF CONUNDRUMS.

A correspondent gives the following 50 questions, each to be answered by the name of a well-known author. The guessing of these questions will form a pleasant evening entertainment:

1. What a rough man said to his son when he wished him to eat properly.
2. Is a lion's house dug in the side of a hill where there is no water.
3. Pilgrims and flatterers have knelt low to kiss him.
4. Makes and mends for first-class customers.
5. Represents the dwelling of civilized men.
6. Is a kind of linen.
7. Is worn on the head.
8. A name that means such fiery things, I can't describe their pains and stings.
9. Belongs to a monastery.
10. Not one of the four points of the compass, but inclining towards one of them.
11. Is what an oyster heap is like to be.
12. Is a chain of hills containing a dark treasure.
13. Always youthful, as you see; but between you and me he never was much of a chicken.
14. An American manufacturing town.
15. Humpbacked but not deformed.
16. An internal pain.
17. Value of a word.
18. A ten-footer whose name begins with fifty.
19. A brighter and smarter than the other one.
20. A worker in precious metals.
21. A very vital part of the body.
22. A lady's garment.
23. A small talk and a heavy weight.
24. A prefix and a disease.
25. Comes from a pig.
26. A disagreeable fellow to have on one's foot.
27. A sick place of worship.
28. A mean dog 'tis.
29. An official dreaded by the students of English universities.
30. His middle name is suggestive of an Indian or a Hottentot.
31. A manufactured metal.
32. A game and a male of the human species.
33. An answer to "Which is the greater poet, William Shakspeare or Martin F. Tupper."
34. Meat! What are you doing?
35. Is very fast, indeed.
36. A barrier built by an edible.
37. To agitate a weapon.
38. Red as an apple, black as night, a heavenly sign or a perfect fright.
39. A domestic worker.
40. A slang exclamation.
41. Pack away closely, never scatter, and in doing so you'll soon get at her.
42. A young domestic animal.
43. One that is more than a sandy shore.
44. A fraction in currency and the prevailing fashion.
45. Mamma is in perfect health, my child; and thus he named a poet mild.
46. A girl's name and a male relation.
47. Take a heavy field piece, nothing loth.
48. Put an edible grain 'twixt an ant and a bee, and a much-loved poet you'll see.
49. Common domestic animal, and what it can never do.
50. Each living head in time, 'tis said, will turn to him though he be dead.

In the course of a few weeks we will publish the answers to the above.

THE HEROINE OF NEWPORT.

Recently Miss Ida Lewis again distinguished herself by rescuing a man who was in danger of drowning in the lower Newport harbor. Miss Lewis first came into prominence in 1866, when she saved the life of a soldier who had set out in a light skiff. It was one of the coldest and most blustering days ever known in this latitude, yet a girl but twenty-five years old, impelled by the noblest spirit of humanity, ventured to the assistance of a man who had brought himself into a sorry plight through sheer foolhardiness.

One day during the autumn of the next year, while a terrible gale was raging, two men set out to cross the harbor with several sheep. One of the animals fell overboard while the boat was rocked by the heavy sea, and its keepers, in trying to save it, were in imminent peril of swamping their craft. Ida Lewis saw them from the window of her father's lighthouse on Lime Rock, and in a few moments was rowing them in safety towards the shore. After landing the men, she went back again and rescued the sheep.

These brave deeds, with others of a less striking character, made Miss Lewis' name famous throughout the world, and won for her the title of "the Grace Darling of America," but in 1869 the newspapers were filled with the story of what was perhaps her greatest exploit. On the 29th of March two young soldiers set sail from Newport for Fort Adams in a small boat, under the guidance of a boy who pretended to understand the simple rules of navigation. Mrs. Lewis chanced to be looking out of the lighthouse window, and saw a squall strike the boat, and overturn it. She called to her daughter, telling her of the casualty. Ida, though ill at the time, rushed out of the house, launched her life-boat and sprang in, with neither hat on head nor shoes on her feet. By the time she reached the scene of the disaster, the boy had perished and the two soldiers were clinging desperately to the wreck, almost ready to loose their hold from exhaustion. They were dragged into the life-boat and carried to Lime Rock, and, with careful nursing, were soon sufficiently restored to proceed to Fort Adams.

Miss Lewis' repeated acts of philanthropy have been recognized by gifts at various times, but no national testimonial, as far as we are aware, has yet been offered to her. True generosity, like true virtue, is its own reward, and we of the world are not often disposed to meddle with its quiet enjoyment by its possessor. It seems eminently fitting, however, that among the first to receive the new decoration to be bestowed by Congress for heroic deeds in saving life should be the heroine of Newport harbor.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

Names that lie upon the ground are not easily set on fire by the torch of envy; but those quickly catch it which are raised up by fame or wave to the breezes of prosperity.

Knowledge cannot be acquired without pains and application. It is troublesome, and like digging for deep waters; but when once you come to the spring, they rise up and meet you.

FACETIÆ.

THE only motives that have never been impugned are locomotives.

CAN a man who continually indulges in spirituous drinks be said to keep his head above water.

THE moral of the failure of the California Bank seems to be: Don't try to spread yourself over too many eggs.

THE fashion of trimming the tops of stockings with lace is a good idea, and Blibbs hopes there'll be lots of ice on the walks this winter.

A LARGE meeting of oysters was held the other day, at which it was decided to petition Congress to prohibit the use of "R" in the spelling of any month.

"MAN," says Victor Hugo, "was the conundrum of the eighteenth century; woman is the conundrum of the nineteenth century." We can't guess her, but we'll never give her up—no never.

IF men are the salt of the earth, women are the sugar. Salt is a necessity, sugar is a luxury. Vicious men are the saltpetre; hard, stern men the rock salt; nice family men the table salt: Old maids are the brown sugar; good-natured matrons the loaf sugar; pretty girls the fine pulverized white sugar. Pass the sugar, please.

BORN IN HIM.—Old Sambo Shute, long since gone across the dark valley, was a worthy man in his way, and genial withal; but Sambo would occasionally get drunk. One day his employer took him to task, and read him a lecture, at the close of which he asked him if he didn't think he would do better for the future.

"Dun'o, mas'r," said the darkey, scratching his head.

"But what do you think?"

"Well, mas'r, I's afeared I think not."

"Sambo, what do you mean? Do you mean that you will not try?"

"'Twouldn't be of no use, mas'r. Fact is, 'twas born in me. Rum is my nat'ral drink. Yer see, afore I was born, my father and mother were boff bought on the coast of Africa, and paid for in rum."

LOVELY EVENINGS. — A watering-place correspondent writes: A beautiful young lady was walking arm in arm with a young man an evening or two ago, into whose eyes she would sweetly smile.

"It's a lovely evening," said the fair one.

"Yes," replied her attendant.

They were silent and walked on.

"It was a lovely evening yesterday," said the beautiful girl, as they came round again.

"Yes," meekly answered the young man, evidently at a loss what to say.

They came around a third time, and it was his turn now.

"I hope it will be a lovely evening to-morrow," said he.

"So do I," said she.

The eavesdropper arose, looked off on the water, from which the tints of the setting sun had not gone, and wondered whether all beautiful women were like this one.

WHEN Mrs. B. went home from shopping recently she entered upon a scene of thrilling horror being enacted in the back yard. In the centre of the yard a dry goods box was in flames, and the baby was lying in front of it squalling lustly from heat and fright. Down behind the currant bushes were two of the neighboring boys skulking around with painted faces, chicken feathers in their hair, and bows in their hands, while her hopeful son had on his father's moccasin slippers, his cap turned wrong side out upon his head, and an old army gun in his hand. He was creeping along with evident murderous intent toward the roosters behind the bushes.

"What on earth is the matter?" cried the alarmed lady.

"Sh! sh!" said her hopeful; "don't you see them Injuns has burned down Hawkins' cabin and nearly killed his baby, burned up the family, and I'm the Lean Wolf going to bring down vengince on the sculps of the varmits!"

But in about fifteen seconds after he went down to the wood pile, wishing he was the fat woman in the museum, or the big medicine man of the Pawnees. He had been reading an Indian tale in a New York paper, you see.

FEMALE PLEASANTRIES.

"I heard it!"
"Who told you?"
"Her friend."(?)
"You don't say?"
"'Tis dreadful!"
"Yes, awful!"
"Don't tell it, I pray!"

"Good gracious!"
"Who'd think it?"
"Well! well! well!"
"Dear me!"
"I've had my Suspicions!"
"And I, too, you see!"

"Lord help us!"
"Poor creature!"
"So artful!"
"So sly!"
"No beauty!"
"Quite thirty!"
"Between you and I!"

"I'm going!"
"Do stay, love!"
"I can't!"
"I'm forlorn!"
"Farewell, dear!"
"Good-bye, sweet!"
"*I'm glad she's gone!*"

VERY FRENCH. — A little woman springs from the cars and presents herself before the conductor.

"Monsieur, that person there, who traveled with me from Trouville to Paris, has insulted me."

And she pointed to a mild and calm-looking gentleman.

"What did he do to you?" asks the guard, up in arms.

"He slept the whole distance in his corner!"

Tableau.

THE WIDOW AND HER PIG.—"Patrick, the widow Maloney told me that you stole one of her finest pigs. Is it correct?"

"Yis, per honor."

"What have you done with it?"

"Killed it and ate it, yer honor."

"Oh, Patrick, Patrick! when you are brought face to face with the widow and her pig on the judgment day, what account will you be able to give of yourself when the widow accuses you of stealing?"

"Did you say the pig would be there, your riverence?"

"To be sure I did."

"Well, then, yer riverence, I'll say, 'Mrs. Maloney, there's yer pig.'"

ANCIENT RELICS IN AMERICA.

Chief among the so-called Norse monuments is the Dighton rock, situated six miles south of Taunton, Mass. It suffices to say that Schoolcraft, Edward Kendall, and Dr. Jeffries Wyman, who have carefully examined it, declare its hieroglyphics to be purely of Indian origin. The old mill at Newport is said to be a Norse baptistry, one of the most improbable conjectures ever made. The discovery in 1831 of a skeleton in armor near Fall River, Mass., was at once hailed by the monument seekers as the remains of a Norseman, and the poem written on that event by Mr. Longfellow has done not a little to strengthen the prejudice in the minds of the people. Probably the most radical work on this subject is a recent publication entitled "Decouverte de l'Amerique par les Normands au X. Siecle," by M. Graver (Paris, 1874.) The author not only advocates the presence of Norse monuments in New England, but claims the magnificent remains in Mexico and Central America to have been the work of the Northmen. According to his theory, in the face of overwhelming proof to the contrary, the Aztecs descended from Norse ancestors. He cites the recent discovery of the ruins of an ancient city in the province of Bahia, in Brazil, in the midst of which was found the statue of a man pointing with his forefinger to the north pole. Of course, according to M. Gravier, he was a Northman. A little work of nearly as radical sentiments was issued last year by a professor in one of our western colleges.

Another pre-Columbian claim to the discovery of America is that which is based on a Welsh chronicle of no authority. In 1170, according to a tradition, the discovery of America was effected by Madoc ap Owen. A translation is preserved in Hakluyt, published in 1589, from a history of Wales published a few years earlier by a Dr. Powell. As proof of this claim certain striking resemblances between the Welsh language and some of the Indian dialects have from time to time been pointed out. However, it suffices to quote the words of Schoolcraft, who says: "The discovery of a Welsh element in the Indian languages is wholly without proof of a philological character."

Much has been said and written about Columbus having received all his information respecting the land in the west from the lips of an old pilot who died in his house. Some recent literature on the subject has appeared, but based, as has been all the rest, on the oversight so admirably pointed out by Irving in his appendix. Though men have continued to write on the subject, it has not been because of the discovery of any new authority for their claim.

AMERICA'S PRESIDENTS.

WHEN AND HOW THEY DIED—THEIR AGE, ETC.

George Washington died at Mt. Vernon, on the 14th of December, 1799, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. Death came suddenly to him—so suddenly, that the tidings of his sickness and of his death simultaneously reached the halls of Congress.

John Adams died at his residence, at Quincy, Mass., on the 4th of July, 1826, realizing what day it was, and rejoicing in it. He gradually and quietly expired at the patriarchial age of forescore years and ten.

Thomas Jefferson, by an extraordinary coincidence, breathed his last at Monticello on the same day that his venerable compatriot, Adams, died—the jubilee of American Independence. He had reached the advanced age of eighty-three.

James Madison, "the man of the Constitution," and one of the wisest statesmen our country has ever produced, closed his earthly career at Montpelier, Vt., on the 20th of June, 1836, in his eighty-sixth year.

James Monroe died in the city of New York, on the 4th of July, 1831, in his eightieth year. He was a pure patriot, and the last of the Presidents who served in the eventful days of the Revolution—having been a colonel in the Continental army. He particularly enjoyed the confidence of Washington, and the period of his wise and peaceful administration was characterized as the "era of good feeling."

John Quincy Adams expired in the Capitol, at Washington, on the 23d of February, 1848, literally dying in his country's service, at the age of eighty-one. To the last, he was of the class of life's busy men, and, identified as he had been from boyhood with the public service, it was solemnly striking and appropriate that the national councils should hear his dying words. He was struck by paralysis while in his seat in the House of Representatives.

Andrew Jackson died at the "Hermitage," near Nashville, on the 8th of June, 1845, in his seventy-ninth year. He must have been a great man, indeed, who could cluster the affections of a whole people around him as this distinguished soldier and patriot did. His popularity had no parallel but that of Washington.

Martin Van Buren died at his birthplace, Kinderhook, Columbia county, N. Y., on the 24th of July, 1862, in his eightieth year. His administration, from 1837 to 1841, was a period marked by great financial distress through the country, which was charged by his political opponents upon the policy he pursued in managing the public finances through the agency of the independent treasurer. He failed of a renomination for a second term, however, on account of his opposition to the annexation of Texas.

William Henry Harrison died on the 4th of April, 1841, exactly one month after his inauguration, aged sixty-eight. He was the first President who died in office, and at the Executive Mansion. He had gained a deep hold on the people's heart, and no one living at the time can ever forget the profound and universal expression of sympathy and sorrow which his death occasioned.

John Tyler, elected Vice-President, and who succeeded General Harrison for the remainder of the term, renounced his allegiance to the United States, in 1861, and died the following year in Richmond, Va., in his seventy-second year, being at the time a Virginia Senator in the Confederate Congress, then in session at Richmond.

James Knox Polk died at his home in Tennessee, on the 15th of June, 1849, only three months after the expiration of his term of office, and in his forty-fourth year. He was a man of unquestionable ability and talent, and achieved the highest honor his country could bestow at a much earlier age than any of his predecessors.

Zachary Taylor's death, on the 9th of July, 1850, when he had been sixteen months in office, called forth the deepest expression of a nation's grief, and everywhere the full heart of the people was touched. He died at the Executive Mansion, in his sixty-sixth year. Millard Fillmore filled the unexpired term.

Franklin Pierce was elected President in 1852. Although a man of some ability, he did not succeed in giving satisfaction to either party. He traveled extensively in Europe after his term of office had expired, and died in 1870.

James Buchanan succeeded Franklin Pierce to the Presidency, in the year 1857. During his term of office, he was placed in a difficult position, owing to the fugitive slave law, the Kansas business, and the breaking out of the late war. He died at his home in Wheatland, Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, in 1868.

Abraham Lincoln's death, on the 15th of April, 1865 (one month and ten days after his second inauguration), was one that shocked the country beyond anything that ever occurred in its history, and sent a thrill of horror throughout the world. All his predecessors had descended to the tomb in the ordinary course of nature, but it was reserved for him to fall by the foul hand of the assassin. His character and administration are too fresh in the public mind to need any comment. He died in his fifty-seventh year. Andrew Johnson filled the unexpired term.

Ulysses S. Grant, the present Chief Magistrate of the United States, is the seventeenth in succession.

Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, and Lincoln, and Grant were the only Presidents twice chosen to the high office.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

In preserving autumn leaves, it is best to begin early, as some of the most beautifully tinted leaves are to be found before the general coloring of the forests take place. Frost has little to do with the coloring, and leaves that have been frosted do not keep nearly so well, as those that have ripened into beauty without it. The first step is to collect the leaves, and perfect form is as important as beauty of color; when you collect them, although colored leaves are so abundant, you will find it more difficult than you supposed to get those which are quite perfect in shape. The next thing is to dry them as rapidly as possible. Where only a few are to be dried, some large book that is of no value, is the handiest. Have the book perfectly dry, and it is all the better if a little warmed by placing it near the stove. Place the leaves between the pages of the book, not too many together, and have a plenty of the pages between each lot. When the leaves are in, shut the book and place a weight upon it; other books will do. The next day at latest—and if the leaves are put to press in the morning, better do it the same evening—change them to another book, press in the same manner, and lay the first book—open—in a warm place to dry. Make this change every day, until the leaves are thoroughly dry, which may be known by their brittleness. Keep the leaves in a book until you wish to use them. The collecting season will last until hard frosts. Try and get a great variety of forms as well as of colors, and look out for a plenty of small leaves, to work in with the larger ones; little twigs with small leaves attached, should be gathered when found. When they are made up with ornamental work, the leaves are usually oiled, to brighten the color.

We will, another time, give some hints as to making up some pretty home ornaments with these leaves.

THE FIRST WORK.

The First Continental Congress met at Philadelphia, September 5th, 1774. Its first measures were not military, but renewed the commercial war which the colonies had tried before, which was believed in long afterwards, but which always accomplished harm to the enemy at the expense of tenfold harm at home in local and class bickerings. Trade was thrown away just when wise policy dictated to keep it, and even fight for it. After December, 1774, nothing was to be imported from any part of the British empire; and after September, 1775, nothing was to be exported to the same. English goods were needed for the army and came by way of the European continent and the West Indies; and lumber and tobacco the same way.

The Second Congress, May 10th, 1775, set about making war, but it had no power to tax, and, therefore, no power to borrow. New York proposed bills of credit of the old kind, to be redeemed by taxes, and this plan was adopted. The first issue was ordered June 23d, 1775—promises to pay 2,000,000 Spanish dollars. The issues were apportioned among the colonies on an estimate of population, and they were called upon to redeem the quotas assigned them by taxes. Rhode Island, Massachusetts, and New Hampshire alone did this entirely; New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland, and Virginia did so in part. The issues went on, however, and in January, 1777, the depreciation began, although it was not admitted by Congress until September. The cost of the war for American Independence was estimated by Jefferson at $140,000,000, and a statement by the Treasury department fixed it at $135,000,000, specie.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published by Messrs. Reed, Wickersham & Co., Philadelphia, now in its 55th year, still reaches us with great regularity, and is one of our most valued exchanges. May continued success attend it.—*The New Dominion*, Hamilton, Canada, Sept. 11, 1875.

Effects of Dissipation Counteracted.

Alcoholic excesses cannot be too earnestly deprecated, both for their destructive effects upon the constitution and their pernicious influence upon man's general welfare. At the same time there is little probability that he will cease to indulge in them till the end of time. Common humanity would therefore seem to dictate the suggestion of the most efficient means of counteracting their effects. There is not among medicated stimulants one so admirably calculated to counteract the physical consequences of hard drinking as Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which relieve the nausea and headache produced by it, steady the trembling nerves, and yield that unfeverish repose which is the best recuperant of health shaken by excess. The bilious symptoms caused by dissipation are promptly relieved by the Bitters, which are also an excellent remedy for all disorders affecting the stomach, bowels, liver and urinary organs, to which it imparts unwonted regularity and tone.

VENETIAN CUSTOMS.

With a people as poor and as habitually temperate as the Venetians, strong drink is not indulged in, but coffee is as a necessity, and the street venders of that beverage drive a thriving trade at early morning and at night in that stimulating beverage, which they prepare in open air. At an open fire in a sheet-iron cylinder is placed the fragrant berry, over which presides a venerable old man, with a face and beard which would serve as a model for a mediæval saint. Night and day will his labors perfume the small square and conquer the odors as numerous as those of Cologne commemorated by Byron in his sarcastic mention of the Cathedral City. Near by can be seen a vender of cakes of Indian meal, "hot and hot," and the wandering organ-grinders, inspiring frantic street dances in the ragamuffin boys of the neighborhood, whom their fabled *tarantula* might have been supposed to have bitten, give melodious dissonance to increase the noises which make night vocal until the "wee sma' hours;" for life is spent chiefly out of doors in good weather in these regions by the great mass of the population, to whom what we call "home" is the most uninviting of all possible places. The Venetians are a most abstemious race, and have really but one meal a day—dinner—and that with the middle class consists of a thick soup, some boiled beef, vegetables, and the wine of the country. Coffee, bread and milk constitute breakfast; and the supper is the same. For coffee they have a *penchant* equal to that of the Orientals, and it is taken frequently throughout the day; the open air and more elaborate *cafes* attracting constant custom. Many single men frequent and dine at the restaurants, and linger there to avoid the cost of lights and fire at their apartments. The cook-shops, frequented by the more economical, abound in every quarter, in which huge platters of fried fish and soups, redolent of garlic and onions, assail the eyes and nostrils of the passers-by. These are much patronized by the *gondoliers* and *facchini*, or guides. Open-air eating at small stalls by the poorer classes is the rule, not the exception; and you see them feasting on fried minnows and snails and *polenta* (or mush) at every corner. The politeness of all the population, high and low, is very striking. A Venetian gentleman, on entering or leaving any place of public resort, always touches his hat to the company, and if you buy an opera-box you receive a blessing in pure Italian with your small change.

MUSHROOM CAVES. — The famous mushroom caves of Paris are, in reality, deserted stone quarries in the suburbs of the city. They are entered by shafts, and consist of a series of dark, low, long corridors. Their floors are covered with long lines of narrow beds, made of a rich compost of earth and horse manure. The paths between the beds are kept scrupulously clean, and the mushrooms are carefully cultured. One of these caves at Montrouge, just outside of the fortifications of Paris, contains 7 miles of beds, and yields an average of 200 pounds of mushrooms daily.

Near Frepillon, an hour's ride from Paris, there is another class of caves or old quarries, that have a lofty interior, with something of the aspect of a vast cathedral. In 1867 one of these caves had a run of 21 miles of mushroom beds. During that same year over 3,000 pounds of mushrooms were daily sent to Paris from Frepillon. The crops vary according to certain atmospheric and other conditions, and at intervals the great quarries refuse to yield a profitable crop. They are then thoroughly cleansed, the very soil being scraped out, and are left to lie fallow for a year or two.

AN ODD INDUSTRY.—One of the odd industries, the nature and extent of which are comparatively little known, is the manufacture of sand paper, the amount of which article annually produced in the United States is estimated at not less than two hundred thousand reams, including the various grades and qualities. Formerly it was made of ordinary brown paper, glue and sand. At present, for the most part, the paper is made of old rope, the best quality of glue is used, and, instead of sand, pulverized quartz or flint. By this means a superior article is produced, of a uniform grade, and at so low a price that the use of it has been greatly extended, large quantities being exported to Europe, South America, the Pacific Islands and elsewhere. For emery paper and emery cloth a large demand has been created by the finished iron work in steam engine shops, the sewing machine factories and other similar industries which require them for polishing purposes.

STRANGELY do some people talk of "getting over" a great sorrow—overleaping it, passing it by, thrusting it into oblivion. But no one ever does that—at least no nature which can be touched by the feeling of grief at all. The only way is to pass through the ocean of affliction solemnly, slowly, and with humility and faith, as the Israelites passed through the sea. Then its very waves of misery will divide and become to us a wall on the right side and on the left, until the gulf narrows and narrows before our eyes, and we land safe on the opposite shore.

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THE BOUDOIR.

For the cool, fresh mornings, and yet more chilly evenings of this intermediate season, there is felt a great necessity for small wraps, or dainty sacques, easily put on and off. In order to answer this demand, or rather to provide suitable models for these garments, we shall, in this number of the Boudoir, give descriptions suitable for such.

A very pretty pattern for half loose sacques is cut in three pieces, the two fronts and the back, and as often in four, a seam being made in the middle of the back; this last we prefer, as it gives a more easy and graceful fit. A model of gray cashmere was cut in this manner, with revers upon the breast. It was bordered in two shades of slate color, one very light, the other quite dark; the pattern, an arabesque of vines, with here and there a tiny leaf. The front of the sacque was lined with pale rose-colored silk. The sleeves were half loose, with deep pointed cuffs, which were braided to correspond with the rest of the garment. They were lined as far as the elbow with rose-colored silk. Small standing collar, also braided and lined, completed this pretty wrap.

Another of pale blue had the skirts long on the hips, the material was cashmere also; the cuffs, and a long lappel which commenced at the neck and extended the length of the front, were of dark blue velvet, with a violet tint in it. Buttons of the same closed the front, and bows of the same velvet were placed on each of the side pieces at the back, quite low down; also on the middle of the small standing collar behind and on the outer seam of the cuffs.

A small shoulder wrap was made of two and a half yards of plaided opera flannel; the model we saw was white and scarlet in wide checks or blocks. The cloth was worked all around in deep scallops with scarlet silk in buttonhole stitch; then a hook and eye were put on, a half yard from each end of the plaid—on the same side—and when hooked together a small hood was formed, which gave quite a graceful appearance to the back. This wrap when lined with scarlet silk, or fine cashmere, and with two large tassels, or loops of scarlet ribbon at the back, was the most coquettish and comfortable little garment imaginable.

Still another was of white basket cloth, made sacque fashion, but quite loose, and with a deep, pointed hood attached, which could be drawn over the head at will. Both hood and sacque were lined with pale cream-colored silk, a soft, white woolen fringe trimmed the bottom and the wide cuffs of the sleeves.

We have seen so charming a costume for the promenade for autumn, that we will give our readers the benefit of it, or try to do so by description.

The lower skirt was of silk, but would be equally pretty in cashmere. It had two knife pleated flounces at the bottom, and above them a deep puff, headed by a standing ruffle. The color, we omitted to mention, was of a deep brown, with smoky tints through it. The overdress was cut waist and skirt in one, and was of a pale fawn color, the material fine cashmere or delaine. It was embroidered in longitudinal rows to the depth of seven inches around the bottom. Also up the side seams—the garment being cut *a la princesse*—the embroidery of the side seams continued up the front and across the shoulders. The back was also embroidered. The seams of the skirt were left open at the sides, and corded, as was also the bottom of the garment, with brown silk, the depth of the opening being three-quarters of a yard. These pieces were then drawn back in easy folds over the back breadths, caught together, about six inches below the belt, and fastened by a bow and hanging loops of wide brown ribbon. A standing frill, pleated in fine box plaits, finished the neck.

A very beautiful dinner dress was of rose-colored faille, and cream-colored Louisine, striped with fine hair stripes of gray. The underskirt of fallie had two knife-pleated flounces of the same, headed by a double ruche of the Louisine. Wide scarfs of the Louisine, edged with three rows of deep, knotted silk fringe, were disposed diagonally across the front of the skirt, and caught low down on the left side by two large double bows of faille. The close fitting cuirass basque of rose-colored faille was covered with the thin Louisine, and trimmed down each side of the front with a pleating and two folds of the faille, so arranged as to simulate a vest. The sleeves were of the faille, covered with puffs of the Louisine, divided by bracelets of the silk; a double pleating of silk and Louisine fell over the wrists.

A stylish morning or dinner costume for the watering places consisted of a skirt of black velvet made with one flounce. An overdress of nainsook, made with plain round skirt, trimmed with two puffs and bands of insertion between. A half loose basque similarly trimmed, and edged with wide Valenciennes lace, finished with bows of black velvet, which were placed upon the back of the neck, on the sleeves, and on the side pieces of the basque skirts, completed this simple but elegant toilette. A sash of velvet, disposed in two hanging loops and a knot, looped gracefully the overskirt at the back.

A very stylish hat for the promenade was of black chip, with a moderately high crown, and drooping visor front—the back turned up. A long scarf of grenadine, black, was placed in easy folds about the crown, and caught at back with a bright wing of shaded scarlet. Another of brown chip was of the English walking hat shape, with the upturned sides covered with brown velvet. A scarf of lighter brown tissue trimmed it, and two wings of brown, with greenish blue feathers intermingled were placed one at the left side, and one directly in the back. A dark scarlet rose, with velvety buds, was placed under the rim, far back on the right side.

ODDS AND ENDS.

The newest style of wearing the hair, as shown by the Parisian journals, is to part the front, wave it loosely. Wear the back in high rolls, and one long, thick curl hanging from the middle of the rolls, and drooping upon the nape of the neck.

Costumes *cashmere de l'Inde* are very popular abroad, and will be so here this coming season.

Riding habits of pale gray and dark blue cloth are as much worn on the continent now as the conventional black.

Small arrows and daggers of silver, studded with gems, are worn high up on left side of the coils of hair, by queenly brunettes.

A great tendency to return to flowing tresses and curls is evinced by beautiful blondes, who possess, naturally, luxuriant tresses.

Small buttons of shell, delicately tinted and ornamented with tiny beads of coral, are fashionable for silks and fine cashmere dresses.

The newest lace veil has fine and close dots, with long tabs that tie behind.

Netted handkerchiefs of fine silk twist with chenille fringe are worn around the neck.

Bracelets of dark blue and purple velvet, with cameo clasps, and dog collar of velvet to match, are quite fashionable.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Annie R.—Get a black chip and trim with blue tissue, as described in Boudoir of this number. Wear your hair in high rolls, and two curls at the back.

Eva and Lettie.—Yes, we answer all questions, even from little girls, when they are sensible and belong to our department. Make your doll's dresses as much like the fashions described for real folks, as possible, and you will be sure of her presenting a proper appearance.

Mona.—Your letter has been so long delayed on its way to us that we fear, from the date, that we are too late. We will give you such advice as you desire, and perhaps it may do for some other dress. You have too little of the material to make an elaborate dress. In fact, we think you will have some trouble about the overskirt. Try it, however. Make the underskirt with one deep, Spanish flounce, and head with a pleated ruffle of silk. Make your overskirt a plain square apron, and trim with small puff of silk. Make a cuirass basque, simply cording the edge with silk. Make pleated bretelles of the silk, if you have enough. If not, make them of the empress cloth, and trim with a fold of silk. Make plain coat sleeves, with deep cuff of silk. The patterns you desire will cost $1.25. Nixon.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

Gold in Sea Water.—According to M. Sonstadt, the sea water of the British coasts contains in solution, besides silver, an appreciable quantity of gold—estimated at about one grain to a ton of water. This is separable by the addition of chloride of barium, apparently as an aurate of baryta adhering to the precipitated sulphate, which yields, by assay, an alloy of about six parts of gold to four of copper. Other methods have also been devised, by chemical ingenuity, for separating the metals in question from their solution in sea water, but not, of course, in a manner or to an extent rendering it a practical object. The agent which keeps the gold of the sea in a soluble and oxydized condition is, according to M. Sonstadt, simply the iodine, liberated under certain conditions.

Nickel Plating.—Nickel plating is now very extensively carried on for the covering of articles hitherto plated with silver. Nickel is very easily deposited, and may be prepared for this purpose by dissolving it in nitric acid, then adding cyanide of potassium to precipitate the metal; after which the precipitate is washed and dissolved by the addition of more cyanide of potassium. Or the nitrate solution may be precipitated by carbonate of potash; this should be well washed, and then dissolved in cyanide of potassium; a proportion of carbonate of potash will be in the solution, which is not found to be detrimental. The sulphate of nickel is also a soluble salt, and the metal is reduced more readily from it than from the nitrate. It is preferable to use the solution as strong as possible. Nickel forms a compound with the cyanide of potassium on boiling the oxide in a solution of that salt, which takes up a considerable quantity. The acetate of nickel is easily formed, by adding pyroligneous acid to the oxide of nickel, but it is a bad solution for obtaining reguline or pure metal. The chloride of nickel is formed by dissolving the metal in muriatic acid. It forms a fine green colored salt, and a very excellent one for nickel plating. It may be used with a nickel positive pole, with one or two Daniell cells.

OUR CENTENNIAL.

ART GALLERY AND MEMORIAL HALL.

MACHINERY HALL.

This structure is located west of the intersection of Belmont and Elm avenues, at a distance of 542 feet from the west front of the Main Exhibition Building, and 274 feet from the north side of Elm avenue. The north front of the building will be upon the same line as that of the Main Exhibition Building, thus presenting a frontage of 3,824 feet from the east to the west ends of the Exhibition Buildings upon the principal avenue within the grounds.

The building consists of the Main Hall, 360 feet wide by 1,402 feet long, and an annex on the south side of 208 feet by 210 feet. The entire area covered by the Main Hall and annex is 568,440 square feet, or 12.82 acres. Including the upper floors, the building provides 14 acres of floor space. No department of the Exhibition will be as closely scanned by foreigners as this. American invention in labor-saving machinery has done more in all foreign Expositions to indicate the progress of our country than all other departments together, and a careful analysis of the awards received by our citizens exhibiting abroad will prove this fact. Under these circumstances there should be in our Machinery Hall not only duplicates of what has been presented, but, in addition, a specimen of every practical invention connected with machinery known in the United States. If this one department alone is made *perfect*, our foreign visitors will leave with strong impressions not only of the great natural resources of the United States, but also of the ability of our mechanics to secure the greatest results from these resources at the least expense of time and labor. It has been estimated that sixteen lines of shafting, including hangers and couplings, will be required for driving the machinery in Machinery Hall, each line of shafting to be six hundred and fifty feet in length, and to transmit one hundred and eighty horse power, to be applied at the middle of the shaft, the bearings to be eight feet apart. There will be twelve lengths of this shafting to run at a speed of one hundred and twenty revolutions, and four lengths to run at a speed of two hundred and forty revolutions per minute; the diameter of the shafts, exclusive of "head" and "second" shafts, will be 3 and 2½ inches respectively.

THE ART GALLERY AND MEMORIAL HALL.

This structure, which is one of the affixes to the great Exhibition, is located on a line parallel with and northward of the Main Exhibition Building.

It is on the most commanding portion of the great Lansdowne Plateau, and looks southward over the city.

It is elevated on a terrace six feet above the general level of the plateau—the plateau itself being an eminence 110 feet above the surface of the Schuylkill river.

The entire structure is in the modern Renaissance. The materials are granite, glass and iron. No wood is used in the construction, and the building is thoroughly fireproof. The structure is 365 feet in length, 210 feet in width, and 59 feet in height, over a spacious basement 12 feet in height, surmounted by a dome.

A dome rises from the centre of the structure to the height of 150 feet from the ground. It is of glass and iron and of a unique design; it terminates in a colossal bell—from which the figure of Columbia rises with protecting hands.

A figure of colossal size stands at each corner of the base of the dome. These figures typify the four quarters of the globe.

Each of the two pavilions at the ends display a window 80 feet high and 12 feet wide; it is also ornamented with tile work, wreaths of oak and laurel, 13 stars in the frieze, and a colossal eagle at each of its four corners.

The main entrance opens on a hall 82 feet long, 60 feet wide and 53 feet high, decorated in the modern Renaissance style; on the farther side of this hall, three doorways, each 16 feet wide and 25 feet high, open into the centre hall; this hall is 83 feet square, the ceiling of the dome rising over it 80 feet in height.

From its east and west sides extend the galleries, each 98 feet long, 88 feet wide, and 35 feet in height. These galleries admit of temporary divisions for the more advantageous display of paintings. The centre hall and galleries form one grand hall 287 feet long and 85 feet wide, capable of holding eight thousand persons, nearly twice the dimensions of the largest hall in the country. From the two galleries doorways open into two smaller galleries, 28 feet wide and 89 feet long. These open north and south into private apartments which connect with the pavilion rooms, forming two side galleries 210 feet long. Along the whole length of the north side of the main galleries and central hall extends a corridor 14 feet wide, which opens on its north line into a series of private rooms, thirteen in number, designed for studios and smaller exhibition rooms.

All the galleries and central hall are lighted from above; the pavilions and studios are lighted from the sides.

Next week, Horticultural Hall.

FIGHT WITH A BUFFALO.

BY BLESBOK.

The following is a fragment from my journal while traveling in Africa, some years ago, and gives a description of a very exciting fight I had with a buffalo.

I had been out all day with some native attendants after a herd of blesboks, the swiftest of all the African antelopes, and after considerable trouble at last succeeded in knocking over three of the finest of the herd.

It was nearly night when we came together at the place where the blesboks had fallen, and while some of the natives, under the direction of John, were taking off the skins of the blesboks, we were startled by a heavy tramp in the wood back of us. I caught up my rifle, and hurried towards the brush, and was just in season to see a squad of buffalos making off to the northwest, towards the hill where we had first seen the antelopes. I mounted my horse as quickly as possible, and called for Harry to do the same. I cared not for the coming of night—I cared for nothing then save the noble game that I had spotted. I swung my double-barrel over my shoulder, took my rifle across my lap, and started. Away we went, Harry and I, our horses dashing over the low bushes, and through the high ones—leaping crevices, and clearing rocks—away to the foot of the distant hill, where we came upon the buffalos, as many as twenty in number, and with them were two old bull wildebeests. I let fly at the nearest buffalo, an old brindled bull, and wounded him in the shoulder. At the same moment Harry fired with better success, for one of the tearing fellows tumbled over under the weight of his bullet. I unslung my double-barrelled piece, and dashed on after the capering herd. They led me around the hill at a tearing pace—around for a mile, or more—where they struck into a bushy cover, and made a curve to the eastward, and then to the southward. The latter movement brought them nearer to me, and I let fly at the leader, bringing him to the earth.

Away went the remainder of the party, and away I went after them, leaving the dead one to be found at my leisure. Their course now led them back towards the point whence we had sighted them; and as they dashed on, with their long, tufted tails sweeping the air, and their huge horns bent as though to cut their way through the bushes, I sped after them, with my rifle ready in my hand.

Thus for half a mile, or more, when the game disappeared around the point of a thick grove of mimosas. I shouted to my horse, and urged him at the top of his speed. While I was wishing that my horse could go twice as fast, I was destined to discover that he was going full fast enough, as we shall directly see.

The mimosa grove threw out a sharp spur so laced with vines that I could see nothing beyond it, and it was around this spur that the game had disappeared. I gave my horse the butt of my rifle upon his haunch, and yelled at him loudly. Around the sharp angle we went at a furious pace, and I was just bringing my rifle to my knee again, when a huge, dark object appeared before me, close under my horse's nose. I would have drawn the reins, but it was too late. There was a shock, like the crashing of a thunderbolt, and I was thrown forward over my horse's head, landing at least a dozen yards from the scene of the catastrophe. Fortunately my head did not strike the ground, and I was quickly in a sitting posture, and was soon able to comprehend what had happened.

My horse lay upon his side, with his head flat upon the green sward, and close by him, upon his haunches, was a huge bull buffalo. How happened it that the buffalo had been coming towards us? What in the world had turned him in that direction? The question was very soon answered. As I regarded the beast more narrowly, I noticed that his shoulder was bloody, and that the blood had trickled down his leg. It was the old brindled bull I had wounded half an hour before; and he had broken his cover just in season to meet me in this unlucky manner.

If my horse was dead, the buffalo was not. He saw me as I sat there upon the grass, and presently rose to his feet. My double-barrelled rifle was close by me, and I grasped it, and raised it to my shoulder; but at that moment I dared not fire, for the old bull was directly "head on," and his enormous skull covered every vulnerable point.

The position in which I thus found myself was by no means a pleasant one. The sun had gone down, and the shades of evening lent their sombre coloring to the terrors of the scene. I was lame—it might be that my leg was broken, for I had not yet tried to get upon my feet. At all events, there was acute pain from my right hip downwards, and the twisting of my knee was excruciating. But I had no time for thought of my leg. My life was uppermost in my mind just then.

The buffalo that now confronted me was not one of your fancy kind; nor was he of the sleek, docile sort, such as we sometimes see in print; but he was such a one as would have startled a practised matador, and set the boldest horses a shying at a bull-fight. He was one of the largest of his kind; with broad, massive shoulders; an ugly, scowling face; and with a mass of black shaggy hair hanging from his forward parts almost equal to the mane of an old lion. His horns were terrific. They started out obliquely from the head, and then shot downward and outward, with a slight upward curve at the ends. They were over three feet long, and black and sharp.

The monster plunged one of his horns into the earth, and threw the dirt high into the air, at the same time giving utterance to a deep, savage roar. He made this movement just as the prize-fighter squares himself at the scratch with his preliminary feints. Once more the bull drove that murderous horn into the ground; and then I could see that he meant to make his next toss at my expense. I must "do or die"—there was no escape. I was in a sitting position, and my rifle was at my shoulder. My bullets were splendid chincapins, hardened with tin. Since I had been sitting there I had thrown one chance for a shot away; I must not throw another. If I fired and missed, it was all up with me; and if I did not fire, my fate would be the same. The chance which I threw away was when the buffalo threw the first mass of sod over his back. As he ploughed his horn into the earth this second time, I was on the watch. Up went the second cloud of dirt, and the beast was gathering his feet under him. For an instant his swart breast was exposed; and at that instant I fired.

The smoke was quickly blown aside, and I saw the buffalo drawing back, with his head set and his horns aimed. He gave a bound towards me, and then went into the air. I fell upon my back, instinctively putting out my rifle for protection; but the beast did not touch me. As quickly as possible I turned round; but my enemy was past all power of further attack. He lay upon his side, dead. My bullet had passed directly through his gullet, and reached his heart.

With the assistance of my rifle I got upon my feet, and found that I had no bone broken, and no joint out; but my leg was badly sprained, and it pained me exceedingly. Still I had no reason for complaint; for matters might have been much worse. At the crack of my rifle my horse had struggled to his feet, and I was pleased to find that he had received no great injury. He limped a little as he came towards me, but I could see that his limbs were sound.

Just as I was trying to reach my saddle, Harry came up; and in a few moments more Jot and Tickomy came in from another direction. I told them of the adventure, and Jot, when he had heard of it, was pleased to declare that I had a charmed life.

"Yes," said Harry, shaking his head, "a man needs a charmed life who thinks to hunt in these forests."

Just at that particular time I felt grateful that I had any sort of a life.

If every word men utter fell to the ground and grew up a blade of grass, most public speeches would be worth ten times as much as they now are.

HOW A MAN HUNTS FOR CLEAN CLOTHES.

Did you ever see a man try to find a shirt or a handkerchief or something in the bureau-drawer where his wife keeps her clean linen? It mostly happens when he's in a hurry, when he has got his fireworks temper on, and his wife has got the baby on her lap, or she is up to the elbows in dough.

He finds the white clothes arranged in such symmetrical layers as only a woman after a long practice can accomplish, and he dives in a good deal as he would fish for nubs of kindling in a barrel of shavings, pitching everything right or left on the floor; meanwhile, as he fails to get the desired article, stewing and swearing and offering up selected expressions of relief to his feelings in a suppressed tone of voice, and vowing, in a way especially designed to reach the ears of his wife, "that it beats the old—what's his name? a thing can't be put where it can be found."

About this time the wife yells out from below that the article sought is right at the top, when he sarcastically wants to know if she supposes he has "got no eyes," then tears around into that linen at a more furious rate than ever, swearing that the shirt ain't there, for he has got clear to the bottom.

And then he gathers everything up in a bunch and rams them back anyhow, just as he can grab them in savage handfuls, tearing around and jerking things all over with a nervous looseness. Then he slugs out in a sort of abstracted way, as if addressing no one in particular, that he can always tell where to find anything he needs at his place of business in a moment; that he keeps a place for everything, and everything in its place.

Just about the time he has worked himself into a great worry of boiling-over impatience, and got the whole room in a litter, his wife glides in and lays her hand on the missing article, right in the drawer, where he had jerked it out and rammed it back again, in that quiet way a woman has of maddening a choleric husband into a fit state for the lunatic asylum.

Mimicking a Preacher.—In the days of Whitefield, when hundreds were converted by his preaching, "lewd men of the baser sort" loved to indulge in ridicule of religion, making sport of the earnest preacher. A merry band of carousers gathered, one evening, in an inn in Yorkshire, and cracked many a joke over their cups. At length one of them, to add to the merriment, proposed to take off Whitefield's preaching. He was a famous mimic, and could reproduce to perfection the gestures and tones, and even the words of the preacher.

A Bible was brought, he mounted the table for a pulpit, and turned the leaves of the holy book for a text. His eyes fell on the words, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish."

The company laughed and applauded his wonderful imitation of the tones and manner of the great preacher; but soon their laughter ceased. They looked up in surprise and terror, for the speaker seemed terribly in earnest. His words were solemn, and took hold of their consciences, and his appeals startled their fears. A profound silence spread over the bar-room.

The Spirit of God was too strong for the mimic, John Thrope. The mock sermon was the means of his conversion, and he went away from the scene of merriment to begin a new life.

Looking Forward.—When a man finds that there is something beyond this life to live for, the moment that conception gets into his mind life is transfigured and glorified into a nobler sphere of action. It becomes always glorious and fresh. Some men will tell you that life is tasteless, wearisome and exhausted; in every case there are men who have tried to live in a narrow, selfish manner. Life is transfigured to every true, loving, brave and diligent soul. Each man faithful in his sphere transfigures it, and makes grand the humblest position. We may say that the act of transfiguration takes place when a man realizes his own soul and its worth and work. Do we all realize that in us is an element that will outlast the stars?

CORRESPONDENCE.

Declined with Thanks.—The Forsaken. May Morton's Luck. The Secret Let Out. True Love. Enough. Love and Death. Miss Gray's Choice. My Vacation. Two Waifs Among The Breakers.

A. B. C.—It appears now to be pretty well settled that Sir Philip Francis was the author of the celebrated letters of Junius.

C. B.—Our names of the days of the week were introduced by the Saxons, who derived them from the Scandinavian mythology.

Artizan.—Watches are supposed to have been invented by Peter Hele, at Nuremberg, 1490; though Robert, King of Scotland, had one in 1310. Repeaters were invented in 1676.

H. H.—The words "Alma Mater" are Latin, and mean a nourishing mother. It is a term applied to a university or college by those who have studied at it, to distinguish it from inferior schools of learning.

Gipsy.—Never run after troubles, they will come soon enough, and if you commence sweethearting at fifteen you are likely enough to have a full measure of them before you are twenty. Wait at least for a couple of years longer before you even think of the other sex.

Novice.—You should, we think, take back your old lover again—nothing like repentance, especially when it was only a lovers' quarrel that caused the separation. Lovers' quarrels are not only proofs of love, but the natural means of teaching it good manners by penance. After penance absolution follows.

M. F. B. (Germantown.)—To clean and curl your white feathers, wash them well in soft water, with curd soap and a squeeze of blue, rub them through and beat them on white paper, then shake them out before the fire and dry them in the sun. To curl them, warm them before the fire, and put them into the shape you wish with the back of a knife.

C. B. In Trouble.—Our advice to you would be to let the young lady carry out her present engagement. If for the sake of a slight quarrel, while engaged to you, she engaged herself to another young man, and now says she is willing to marry you as she does not love the other, we would not be disposed, were we in your place, to place any very great faith in her sincerity or profession of attachment.

Mabel.—Walking out with a young man for a few weeks and then dismissing him to carry on in the same way with another, and doing that sort of thing over and over again, is not the way ever to get a husband worth having, nor indeed a husband of any sort. And what must those many young men with whom you have so carried on think and say of you? You must have made yourself pretty notorious by this time.

Perseverance.—To press your attentions when those attentions have been refused is not only want of etiquette, but want of sense. "Faint heart never won fair lady," never meant that the bold and the importunate would succeed after the proposal had been declined. The best, the safest, and the most gentlemanly way, is to take the lady at her word: if she cannot regard you as a lover, it is useless and unbecoming for you to persevere.

P. T.—The first theatre ever erected was that of Bacchus at Athens, which was built by Philos at Athens, B. C. 420. The ruins of this theatre are still to be seen. The first royal license for a theatre in England was one to Shakspeare, dated 1603, and gave him permission to act plays at the Globe Theatre, Bankside, or in any other part of England. A species of play, however, called "Mysteries," was acted in England long before Shakspeare's time.

Unhappy Wife.—You have taken the right resolution, and we are very glad indeed that we have been able to help you by our advice. You will be wise if you contrast with your own the positions of others less fortunate than you are, and if you look upon life not as a matter of comfort and enjoyment, but as an affair of probation, generally of very unpleasant trial, in which difficulties and troubles largely preponderate, and in which pleasure and enjoyment are merely exceptions and incidents. Such at least has been our own experience.

H. E. C.—We wish we could believe that you were really as simple and unsophisticated as you would have us think you are, but we are sorry that we cannot. If the gentleman has proposed, why do you not give him a definite answer, which as you like each other so much as you say, would doubtless be in the affirmative, and then the demonstrations of his affections which you complain (?) of would be all in order and perfectly proper. As it is, however, you should most decidedly set your face against any such conduct on his part.

Mamie R. (Philadelphia.)—We must apologize for not having answered your queries before. 1. Certainly, it is considered exceedingly "rude," highly impertinent and insulting we would call it, for a "gentleman(?) to speak to a young lady in the street in the evening and offer to see her home, if he does not know her." No gentleman would be guilty of any such rudeness. 2. If you are not on familiar terms, it would be better not to write a letter to the gentleman, but ask him verbally the next time you see him. 3. We make no charge for answering any queries put to us in this department.

Maria Lusten says she has had the question popped to her in poetry, and wants to know whether a gentleman is to be regarded as speaking seriously when he makes a proposal of marriage in that manner, or whether she is to understand that the usual poetic license qualifies its meaning. This is such a very novel idea to us, this of popping the question in poetry, that we hardly know how to advise our correspondent; but we think the best way of her getting out of the singular dilemma she is placed in would be for her to answer the proposal in the same poetical style, under shelter, of course, of the same poetic license. It is probably an artful mode on the gentleman's part of discovering the state of her feelings. Gentlemen don't like to be refused, and try to find out how they stand in a lady's affection before they speak out definitely in plain prose.

T. B. H. (Camden.)—"I have been told of some prophesy to the effect that the world will come to an end in 1881, and that many things foretold in the same prophesy have already come to pass. Can you tell me whose prophesy this is, and if in your power, and it is not too long, will you publish it in your excellent paper?" You evidently refer to what is called "Mother Shipton's Prophesy." This Mother Shipton lived in the fifteenth century, over four hundred years ago, and was said to have been begotten, like the wizard Merlin, of the phantasm of Apollo, or some aerial demon under that guise, and a beautiful orphan Yorkshire girl, named Agatha. She had the weird, lonely girlhood that the child of shame is apt to have, avoided or persecuted by those who should have been her mates; she was christened Ursula by the Abbot of Beverly, and grew up so eccentric and unnaturally shrewd that by and by this tradition, in those superstitious days, grew about her birth. She prophesied as she grew older, and even "persons of quality" consulted her. She told the great Wolsey that he should never come to York, and, indeed, when within eight miles of it, he was arrested by Northumberland at King Henry's order, and brought to Leicester, where he died. Also she is said to have foretold the great fire of London, the execution of Charles I, and many notable events besides, of the Reformation and the reigns of Elizabeth and James. At the age of seventy-three she foretold her death, and at the hour predicted she died. Her name is a popular tradition in Yorkshire even to-day, and the tradition is founded in part upon fact. Her famous prophesy was said to have been published in her life-time, and again two hundred years ago, and every now and then, some one brings the following prophesy to light. Though most of the items are vague enough, some show a marked coincidence with remarkable events, such as the invention of steam, railway locomotives and tunnels, the telegraph, iron-clads, and the admission of Jews into the English Parliament (in 1858). These are the elegant lines:

Carriages without horses shall go,
And accidents fill the world with woe;
Around the world thoughts shall fly
In the twinkling of an eye.
Water shall yet more wonders do
Now strange, but yet they shall be true;
The world upside down shall be
And gold be found at the root of a tree;
Through hills man shall ride
And horse nor ass be at his side;
Under water men shall walk,
Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk;
In the air shall men be seen
In white, in black, in green:
Iron in the air shall float
As easy as a wooden boat;
Gold shall be found and shown
In land that's not now known;
Fire and water shall wonders do;
England shall at last admit a Jew;
The world to an end shall come
In eighteen hundred eighty-one.

Miscellaneous.—S. S. V.—Keep the present. It is not required of you to return them at all under the circumstances. G. E. S., "Western Reader."—Any cooling opening medicine would answer your purpose, but you had better consult a medical man. Inquisitive.—We could not tell you without considerable trouble, and after all the information would not do you or any one else any good. W. O. H. (Macon.)—None of our stories are published in book form. Ada.—You should consult your friends before commencing such a correspondence, and indeed before forming even an acquaintance. Floy.—You have no excuse; knowing that you are doing wrong, you should desist immediately. S. T.—The 17th of May, 1848, fell upon a Wednesday.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*